THE

# *MONTHLY VISITOR.*

JULY, 1804.

## *Sketch of the Life and Writings*

OF

## FR. DE SELIGNAC DE LA MOTTE FENELON,

### ARCHBISHOP OF CAMBRAY.

HAVING presented to our readers many bright characters of our own dominions, we shall also occasionally speak of the literati of other nations. Let our present attention be therefore devoted to the late archbishop of Cambray, whose improved taste and exalted respect for morals justly entitle him to a place in our miscellany.

This eminent author was born of an ancient family at the Castle of Fenelon, in Quercy, in the year 1661. During his first twelve years, he received a domestic education: he was then sent to the university of Cahors, and at length finished his studies under the care of his worthy uncle, the Marquis of Fenelon, lieutenant-

general, who, in the present instance, behaved to him as a father. Such was the rapid progress he made, that he entered the ecclesiastical profession, for which he had been designed, in his nineteenth year; but his uncle, apprehensive that he might be intoxicated by the great applause he at this early age received, placed him under the conduct of the Abbé Tronçon, Superior of St. Sulpice, for further improvement during a seasonable retirement. Having entered holy orders at the age of twenty-four, he began to exercise the duties of his sacred function in the parish of St. Sulpice. He now acquitted himself with so much credit in his ministry, that the Archbishop of Paris, Harlai, made him, at the age of twenty-seven, superior of a society named the New Catholics; and, soon after, he was nominated by the king chief of a mission unto Samlonge and Aunis, for the conversion of infidels: which post he accepted only on condition that charitable arguments should be the only force employed in accomplishing this arduous task; and his laudable moderation and gentleness of manners had the desired success.

On his return to Paris, he resumed his ministry, and became a popular preacher. Previous to this, he had formed a connection with the celebrated mystic, Madame de Guyon, and from the energy of her devotional sentiments, imbibed the mode of making religion a *duty* rather than a *task*. In 1668, he became known to the public as an author, having then published "Sur le Ministere des Pasteurs," and a treatise "De l'Education des Filles." The

succeeding year, he was appointed by the Duke de Beauvilliers preceptor to the Duke of Burgundy, heir apparent, and to his younger brothers, which important charge he fulfilled with the utmost fidelity and diligence; and, in 1695, was justly rewarded for his services with the splendid preferment of the archbishopric of Cambray, which includes a dukedom; but which he only accepted upon the condition of being allowed to devote nine months in the year to his see, and but the remaining three to the princes; at the same time, he resigned an abbey of much value.

At this time, the admirers of Madame de Guyon's sentiments became so numerous and powerful, that the guardians of orthodoxy took the alarm, and insisted upon an examination of her conduct and opinions. The Archbishop of Cambray, her former disciple, together with Bossuet and others, having been appointed to commence this serious enquiry, he endeavoured to palliate her extravagances, and at length refused to condemn her person and morals. Soon after (1697), he published his book entitled "Maximes des Saints sur la Vie interieure;" which, though written with much caution and art, was suspected to contain principles similar to those of the lady, and consequently a storm commenced, which long agitated our author's mind and endangered his reputation The inflexible Bossuet commenced the attack upon his brother prelate, which, though ably defended by Fenelon, prevailed in alarming the consciences of the king and Madame Maintenon,

and procured the banishment of the archbishop to his diocese. About this time, his palace at Cambray, with all it's furniture and books, was consumed by fire. Our worthy prelate, however, bore these misfortunes with perfect resignation. In 1699, Pope Innocent XII issued a brief of censure against his work: to which sentence, Fenelon testified the most profound submission, and not only read his own condemnation from the pulpit, but even composed a *mandement* against his own publication.

In his diocese, he united the characters of a nobleman and of a christian pastor. He displayed the true magnificence of the former by a boundless hospitality; and, in the latter, nothing could surpass his simplicity of manners, his charity, and his minute attention to all his duties. These virtues procured him the esteem and veneration of the impartial, but exposed him to the malice and jealousy of courtiers: though respected in the pulpit, he was despised at court; for notwithstanding his partiality to Madame de Guyon, which gave so much offence, Lewis XIV considered his admirable work of "Telemachus" as an indirect satire upon his own reign. Many anecdotes are recorded of his hospitality; we shall, however, mention only one, as a sufficient proof of his philanthropy. After the disastrous winter of 1709, he opened his granaries, and distributed gratuitously to the soldiers corn to the value of 100,000 livres. He still entertained hopes, it is thought, of returning to court; but having been overturned in his carriage, the accident

occasioned a fever, which proved fatal to him in January, 1715. His "Lessons for the Instruction of Youth," lately translated from the most recent editions, will afford many passages for his monumental praise; let the following suffice:

"Heaven poured upon him wisdom, the most precious of gifts; a profound knowledge of men, and a mild and insinuating eloquence. All the people heard him with admiration, and in his latter days he retained an absolute authority over their hearts and minds."

## *THE REFLECTOR.*

### NO. 89.

### THE POWERS OF GENIUS;

A POEM.

*By John Blair Linn, A. M.*

BOOK III.

IN the third part of this delightful poem, the author pursues his task with equal, if not superior, energy as in the two former. After a poetical description of the *illumination* of genius, the oriental poet Ferdusi is brought forward; then Bacon and Newton, renowned for their discoveries, are thus delineated:

"Great Bacon's soul first led the daring way:
Then Newton's system call'd the world to day,
Hurl'd from his throne the ruthless king of night,
Pierc'd his retreat and put his hosts to flight:

The world of matter, and the boundless sky,
All nature—open'd to the sage's eye.

Having mentioned Demosthenes, Cicero, and the great Earl of Chatham, Dryden's well-known tale of Cymon and Iphigenia is thus introduced, and the story of Orlando and Anna, to prove the passion of love one of the great excitements of genius:

"Love often wakes the poet's soul of fire,
And bids bold youth to noble deeds aspire:
Others it leads with folded arms to rove
Where silence slumbers in the peaceful grove:
It bids the song in smoothest numbers flow
To lull dejection by it's voice of woe.
Young Cymon, rous'd by Iphigenia's charm,
Felt the strong thunder nerve his clownish arm:
By daring deeds, he won the lovely maid,
And bore her, blushing, to his native shade.
"Where rolls the Forth his wild romantic flood,
Amid the moor, an humble dwelling stood.
There liv'd an honest pair, whose only joy
Dwelt in their child, a simple shepherd boy:
With fancy, kindled by the breath of fame,
They gave their son Orlando's sounding name.
A modest blush, an honest heart he had,
And every village neighbour bless'd the lad.
Serenely o'er his head had eighteen years
Flown, unembitter'd by remorseless tears.
He lov'd his pipe, and when the vale was still,
His strain came sweeten'd from the shady hill.
Nature he lov'd in all her various forms,
Her sleeping green, her mountain beat by storms,
Her winding stream, her ever-rolling waves,
Her cooling shades, her deep and dismal caves.
"Thus smil'd his days; "but why the tale pro-
He saw fair Anna—Anna 'woke his song: [long?"

Her lovely limbs a snowy vestment bound,
A silken cincture clasp'd her form around;
Hung careless on her back her dusky hair,
And wav'd in ringlets to the sportive air.
Her smile awaken'd every hope of love,
Her modest mildness would that hope reprove:
A pensive sorrow shaded o'er her face,
Admiring nature gave her every grace.
Orlando lov'd—but all his vows were vain,
And all the sweetness of his mournful strain;
An happier shepherd, from the banks of Tay,
Bow'd to her charms, and bore the maid away.
Orlando mourns—his sun has set in night,
And fled each hope and every fond delight.
A sullen phrenzy dims his noble soul,
In gloomy silence, his dark eye balls roll:
At dead of night, he wanders o'er the vale,
And bares his bosom to the chilling gale:
Among the rocks he leans, to hear the roar
Of billows chafing on the sounding shore.
Each sound which strikes the village boor with fear
Is all the strain Orlando loves to hear.
One night, when howl'd the loud and angry north,
Alone he wander'd on the banks of Forth;
Autumn had robb'd the foliage of the trees,
Their naked branches trembled to the breeze;
The birds no longer rais'd their lulling strains,
But coming winter chill'd and hush'd the plains.
"Heedless, he rov'd, while deeper clouds o'er-spread,
And wilder tempests beat upon his head:
His phrenzy grew amid the ruthless storm,
His fancy saw his long-lost Anna's form.
Onward he rush'd—he held the form in view,
He call'd on Anna—Anna from him flew;
Often he clasp'd in hope the fleeting maid,
But only clasp'd an unsubstantial shade.
Now up the hill he turns his headlong course,
And laughs convulsive at the tempest's force;

He gains the height, and, from the giddy brow,
Beholds the wave roll sullenly below;
No Anna there rewards his eager sight,
But darker terrors fill the starless night;
His dying hopes are follow'd by despair,
He calls on death and breathes his frantic prayer,
He murmurs Anna's name, and, from the steep,
Leaps in the bosom of the whelming deep!"

The *pleasures and pains of genius* are now admirably depicted, and the latter thus illustrated with the *Lamentation of Eugenio:*

" —As late I roam'd the Hudson's banks along,
What time the night-bird pour'd his gloomy song,
What time the moon threw her asce ding beam
O'er night's dark bosom and the wizard stream,
I heard this strain—(it now no longer flows!
Peace to the ashes of a man of woes!)
Here, on this beaten rock, O let me rest!
Breathe, thou damp gale, upon my throbbing [breast!
Roll on bold river, let me hear thee rave,
I love the music of thy silver wave.
Long years have flown since I, a careless boy,
Plung'd in thy waters with a boisterous joy:
Now, worn with care, to every joy unknown,
I seek thy shades unpitied and alone.
In early youth, my steps were led astray
From gain's proud temple by the muse's lay;
From crowded streets and busy throngs I fled,
Where woodland scenes and quiet vallies spread.
Fair nature's haunts unwearied I explored,
Where sang the stream, where falling waters roar'd.
A fond enthusiast, on the mountain's brow,
I heard the echo babble from below;
I lov'd the dingle and the tangled dell,
And crept with silence to her hermit-cell.

Nature I lov'd, when, cloth'd in mildest charms,
She lur'd sweet quiet to her fondling arms:
I lov'd her more, when, with her clouds o'ercast,
She hove the ocean with her yelling blast;
When thunders roll'd from her Creator's hand,
Burst from the skies, and shook the wondering land.
I heard, entranc'd, the Grecian's epic strain,
Enraptur'd, listen'd to the Mantuan swain;
Rov'd thro' the mazes of poetic lore,
And sigh'd to think the muse had told no more.
Ye bards of old, why did my infant days
Become enchanted with your golden lays?
Why did I listen to the trump of Fame
Which sounded glory on the poet's name?
Why did I flee the bloody fields of war,
Nor meet contention at my country's bar?—
Behold the trophies which I now have won,
My works neglected, and myself undone!
In place of fame, yon little cottage-shed
Spreads it's low shelter on my humbler head;
There, buried deep from every human eye,
Unknown, unpitied, ever let me lie;
May no one come to shed the thrilling tear,
And say, Eugenio liv'd and perish'd here.
Farewell, cold world! farewell, thou pallid beam!
Farewell to hope and every flattering dream!
Soon shall Eugenio's solitary grave
Give peace and comfort, which ye never gave.
Grant me, O God! my Shelter and my stay!
Peace which the world can never take away!
Forgive my errors, all my sins forgive,
And in thy mansions, Father, let me live!"

The poet now treats of the *rise of genius* in Egypt, Greece, and Rome; and her departure from Rome, when ignorance usurped her place, is thus admirably expressed:

" When Rome had fall'n, then Gothic darkness spread,
And genius slumber'd with her mighty dead;
Then mad oppression rais'd his scourge on high,
And superstition flash'd her ghastly eye;
Then ignorance crept, and hugg'd his iron chains,
Fell fury stalk'd, blood bursting from his veins;
Then the proud chieftain of each petty clan
In dread subjection held his fellow man;
And the poor vassal, with a servile awe,
Submissive, bow'd to his tyrannic law,
With suppliant knee, kiss'd his vindictive rod,
Sunk his high nature, and dishonour'd God."

The revival of genius in Florence and the cultivation thereof in England being the succeeding topics, the poet concludes with the *descent of Genius*, and her following *address to America*, worthy the attention of every country:

" Sons of Columbus! on whose distant land
Peace pours her blessings from her bounteous hand,
Whose sail of commerce spreads where ocean roars,
And brings the tribute of a thousand shores—
O hear my voice! my warning words attend!
The sceptre own of an immortal friend!
Oh! what is virtue cherish and pursue,
Nor lose this darling object from your view;
Your love, your soul, your whole affections, give
To him who died that rebel man might live.
Oh! banish hence that dark and civil rage,
The scourge and curse of this degenerate age;
Let every breast with social virtue move,
Let every bosom own a brother's love.
Crown'd by your hand, let learning flourish here,
And, cloth'd in fogs, bid dulness disappear.
Cherish the arts of usefulness and peace;
*Oh! let your own Columbia rival Greece!*

" Thus genius spoke—express'd a parent's prayer;
Rose on the clouds, and melted into air."

In the Appendix, many extracts from the sacred scriptures are given as illustrations of genius. The sublimity of Isaiah is pointed out, the descriptive beauties of Job, and the solemnity and grandeur of the psalmist; and other confirmations advanced. In the miscellanies, *A Midnight Hymn to Deity* justly claims attention: the fall and redemption of man are described in glowing colours. The poet concludes with these energetic lines:

" Thou God of nature, and thou God of love!
Who form'd this world, who bade those planets roll,
Who call'd all being from the womb of night,
Accept my song, and tune my heart to praise;
O breathe thy Spirit in the souls of men,
And send thy gospel to the darkened world.
How far beneath thy majesty divine
Is every tribute from a mortal's lyre!
Those spheres which move in harmony above,
Whose silver lustre slumbers on the earth,
Shall give thee nobler strains. The seraph's harp
Shall raise the song of " Glory to the Lamb!"
And universal nature sound thy praise!"

To this succeed, " An Address to my Taper," " The Farewell Song of Ossian," " Address to Hope," " Picture of Morning," and " An Epistle to a Friend, with the Poem of the Powers of Genius," which should not be mutilated by extracts.

## HISTORY OF THE FAMILY OF D——Y,

*Related by Mr Hughes, in his "Tour through the Western Provinces of France."*

AT Sablé, we were introduced to a family from L——l, who came to spend a fortnight with our friend F——s, previous to the nuptials of the youngest daughter: it's history is too interesting to be passed over in silence; in the hands of a writer of tenderness and imagination, it might be worked up into a beautiful pathetic story. I shall give you a few particulars, which were detailed to me partly by Madame D——y, partly by her friends: when you have read them, you will unite with me in the veneration in which I hold her character and the character of her amiable children. I will only say, that the details are literally as they were communicated to me, and most correctly true; though bearing strong features of romance, I can vouch for their authenticity.

Mons. D—— was for many years a merchant of the highest reputation and most extensive commerce in L——l. Inspired with the genuine spirit of patriotism, his efforts to advance the trade and manufactures of his native country to the greatest possible extent were unwearied; and possessing, at the same time, a cool and temperate judgment, combined with no small degree of mercantile information, steadiness, and penetration, his private fortune, which was originally ample, received a very

considerable augmentation; and his reputation, from day to day increasing, at length reached the foot of the throne. As the reward of his eminent services, Louis the Fifteenth presented him with the cross of St. Louis, and indulged him, from time to time, with contracts of the highest consequence to the state, and most productive profit to himself. Alas! these marks of distinction, so far from conducing to his advantage, proved his bane, and involved him in incalculable misfortunes: added to his known wealth, they served to constitute that crime for which thousands bled.

From the commencement of the revolution, he had taken the popular side of the question. The enormous mass of oppression which ambitious monarchs and wicked ministers had accumulated upon the suffering multitude could not fail to excite his pity; he saw that liberty was the only effectual antidote for such grievances; he rejoiced in the dawning of better days, and hailed the 'day-spring' which seemed to be rising upon his country.

Unhappily, Louis XVI. was faithless to his oaths, and listening, in a moment big with misfortune, to the persuasions of the evil genii sses who crowded around him, he forsook his palace, deserted his people, dissolved the textures of the government, and paid the forfeiture of his treason with his life. From that moment, anarchy and confusion reared their gorgon heads; the grand assemblage of talents which constituted the first legislative body was driven from it's station; ruffians usurped the reins of

the empire, and spread horror and desolation through the land.

Among the scourges of mankind brought into power by these fatal measures, was one who stood indebted to Mr. D——y 1500l. By way of discharging the debt, he so managed his affairs, that Mr. D——y, his wife, his six elegant and accomplished daughters, and as many of his relatives as could possibly have claimed this 1500l. were, one and all, inserted in the proscribed list, the effect of which is but too well known. The blood runs cold with horror at the enormous atrocity of such a crime; we blush, when we recollect that we are allied to monsters who, for the sake of a pitiful 1500l. could thus doom a whole innocent, amiable, nay, patriotic, family, root and branch, to destruction! But these are small things, compared with the crimes perpetrated in France at this mournful epoch.

F——s la P—— was one of the commissioners delegated, at this guilty moment, to traverse the departments, to canvas the delinquencies of the accused, and pronounce the vengeance of the laws upon those who were found faithless to the common cause of the people; and happy had it been for this ill-starred country had his colleagues breathed the same spirit and acted upon the same liberal principles with him. It is a proud reflection for him, that while, like ravening tigers, they seemed to have had no end in view but to "*hurt and destroy*," it was his business to preserve it's best citizens to the republic, and now retires to

well-earned tranquillity and peace, with the epithet *Le bon F——s.*

He had been pursuing his mission through the centre of sedition, when some intimations of what was projecting against the D ——y family happily reached him. He instantly hoisted his colours upon his chariot, and, with the utmost possible speed, posted to L——l. The commissioner appointed to try *it's* crimes was already arrived, and he knew that an arrest was neither more nor less than the signal of death. The business he had undertaken was full of danger: passing before Mr. D——y's town-house, he saw the old gentleman sitting pensive in his chair, reclining his temples upon his hand: F——s just noticed him with an inclination of the head, and hurried on, for fear of awakening suspicion. The commissioners supped together; and, in the morning, previous to the commencement of business, walked round the town, to view it's castles, to inspect it's manufactories, &c. &c. F———s insensibly drew his companion to Mr. D———y's. The commissary gazed with admiration; extolled the charms of the situation, the taste displayed in the improvement of it, the walks, the trees, the beauties of art and nature collected there; when, accidentally discovering that it was the property and retreat of Mr. D——y, he turned short on Mr. la P——; "I must not, sir, amuse myself here—I have some previous duties of severity to discharge." This naturally led to some explanations, and terminated in the full disclosure of the infamous business upon his hands.

F——s only begged, that before he proceeded to arrest the family, he would judge for himself; "go to them; dwell with them; and tell me then if you can doom them to destruction!" He consented, was introduced to the D——y's, and finally lodged with them, as the principal family in L——l.

What were F——s' emotions, the feeling heart may conceive, but no words can say, when, three days afterwards, he was presented with the fatal list, from which the D——y name was erased, and thanked, with tears of gratitude in his eyes, by his colleague, for having interposed his good offices, and rescued him from the eternally cutting reflection, that he had destroyed a family entitled to every degree of protection and favour. I need not say that the meeting betwixt the D——ys, who, till this moment, had remained ignorant of the snare laid for them, and their much-loved friend F——s was tenderly impassioned; these are scenes which imagination must supply—they mock all the powers of description.

Nor was this the only instance in which this venerable and truly dignified character was thus cruelly requited by the country to whose welfare all his exertions had been directed. During the conflicts betwixt the royalists and the republicans, L——l was frequently the seat and centre of their horrid outrages. Armies were without, armies were within, and the miserable inhabitants, exposed to all the wantonness of military licentiousness, knew not where to turn; to remain in their houses was

almost to await the slow but certain approach of famine, preceded by insult and injury; to quit them, was to rush upon the murderous bayonet. Such, however, were the atrocities committed by the "*Christian Army*," that it seemed almost impossible to await *it's* approaches. The tales of horror which preceded it filled Mr. D——y's shuddering soul with the most painful apprehension: he trembled for his own grey hairs, he trembled for the partner of his sorrows; but he trembled more for the six lovely females who looked up to him for the protection it was not in his power to give them.

The *Blues* having been worsted, and the victorious party pursuing them towards L——l, in agony and distress which they knew not how to bear, they all determined, if possible, to gain a little country-house at some distance from the town. They quitted B— A—. He was discovered crossing some fields, Madame D——y resting upon his arm, and the melancholy train of daughters following close behind them: his flight was construed into a crime; and, in a few moments, a legion of assassins surrounded and presented their bayonets to his breast. In frantic anguish, the mother and her daughters clung round their only support: they folded him in their arms, they pressed the knees of their pursuers, and, with all the eloquence of female distress, intreated for their father's grey hairs. At length, they so far succeeded, that his life was spared for the present, and they were all conducted back to the horrors from which they had but just fled, there to await

their doom! But heaven interposed at length, and sent his swift vengeance to requite the guilty and rescue innocence from farther insult. Marceau, as before mentioned, who had vanquished the priest-goaded hordes at La Mans, vanquished them here again, compelled them to evacuate the town, and strew the sand-hills with their carcases.

Madame D——y and her family were hereby enlarged once more; and the garrison which was placed in L——l, under General Humbert, of Irish memory, insured them from further personal injury; but this was all the succour that this intrepid soldier could afford them. The exactions to which they were subjected were to the last degree oppressive, and finally terminated in totally stripping them of the entire gains of a whole life devoted to business, under circumstances the most favourable, and attended with the most brilliant success.

Events like these could not fail to lie heavy upon a heart of sensibility, and bear upon threescore years and ten with a force almost insupportable. He lived to see many of the enemies of his country humbled, and those who, but a few years before, were with line and compass parcelling it out among themselves, suing for peace at her feet; reverses of fortune which seemed to console him under his deprivations; but they came too late: they cast a gleam of sunshine upon his closing day; but misfortune had done it's work!

Having mentioned the name of Humbert, I will give you one anecdote of him, as it is ho-

nourable to humanity, and serves to illustrate the difficulty to which a man of three thousand per annum was reduced by a revolution in the horrors of which *we* have been so deeply engaged.

Humbert, we have said, was stationed at L——l: he is descended from parents of the meanest rank, and is totally devoid of the advantages of even the humblest education; without friends, without fortune: he possesses alone a firm masculine figure, great goodness of heart, strong natural sense, shining military talents, and bravery undaunted even in the most appalling dangers. But these were qualifications which, in an age and country where merit, not lineage, was sought after, where ability, not corruption, was the path to distinction, could not fail to recommend him to notice: at a very early stage of the revolution, he had been called from the ranks and entrusted with command, and he had never disappointed the trust reposed in him. Mons. D——y saw his worth, and honoured him with his friendship: he was intimate as a brother at B— A—, and affectionately esteemed by all the members of the family.

The turbulent succession of events at length removed him from the friends he loved; and the rapidly augmenting difficulties of the state compelled it's pilots to resort to measures of the most violent complexion to meet it's necessities. Forced loans were reiterated, and yet the evil continued unremedied, or, rather, increasing still. The bulk of their ready cash Monsieur

and Madame D——y had deposited where none but themselves knew: his horses, his plate, the jewels of his wife, had all been sold to answer these repeated demands upon them and purchase it's daily bread for the family, till at length all these resources became exhausted. A fresh requisition was made: he knew not how to answer it; to refuse, he dared not—the whole family were of course thrown into the greatest consternation, and the deepest despair sat brooding on every countenance.

At this afflicted moment, Humbert, being upon some expedition, determined to turn aside to visit his friends at L——l; but how was he shocked to meet his once serene and cheerful friend silent, pensive, melancholy, the swimming tear but just repressed! Tenderness forbade him to probe the wound with which he saw but too well the heart was pierced. Madame D——y having accidentally quitted the apartment, Humbert turned to one of his daughters, and, with the tenderest interest in his accent, enquired into the cause of this universal dejection. She frankly told him. Like an arrow darting from a bow, he hastened to the old gentleman's apartment, gently reproached him with unkindness, requested permission to furnish him with whatever he might want. No.—Monsieur D—— was immoveable as Humbert was urgent; no distress should persuade him to redress his difficulties by trespassing upon the generosity of a soldier of fortune. They parted for the night: in the morning the general reiterated his request, and was

again as peremptorily refused as before. He mounted his horse; Monsieur D——y accompanied him to the gate: their adieus were tender and affectionate; but no sooner had Monsieur D——y turned round to regain his house, than Humbert drew from his pocket a purse of two hundred louis, tossed them over the old gentleman's head into his path-way; clapped spurs to his horse, and was out of sight in a moment,

*(To be continued.)*

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BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT

*Of the late*

## *SAMUEL RICHARDSON, ESQ.*

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

MR. SAMUEL RICHARDSON, whose name and genius no English reader, and it may be added, few foreign ones, are unacquainted with, is one instance, among innumerable others, of natural talents making their way to eminence, under the pressure of narrow circumstances, the disadvantage of obscure birth, and the want of a liberal education.

The following is the account he gives of his family, in a letter to Mr. Stinstra. "My father was a very honest man, descended of a family of middling note, in the county of Surry, but which having for several generations a large number of children, the not large possessions were split and divided, so that he and his bro-

thers were put to trades, and the sisters were married to tradesmen. My mother was also a good woman, of a family not ungenteel; but whose father and mother died in her infancy, within half an hour of each other, in the London pestilence of 1665.

" My father's business was that of a joiner, then more distinct from that of a carpenter than now it is with us. He was a good draughtsman, and understood architecture. His skill and ingenuity, and an understanding superior to his business, with his remarkable integrity of heart and manners, made him personally beloved by several persons of rank, among whom were the Duke of Monmouth and the first Earl of Shaftsbury, both so noted in our English history: their known favour for him having, on the Duke's attempt on the crown, subjected him to be looked upon with a jealous eye, notwithstanding he was noted for a quiet and inoffensive man, he thought proper, on the decollation of the first named unhappy nobleman, to quit his London business, and to retire to Derbyshire, though to his great detriment; and there I, and three other children out of nine, were born."

As it was probably a great disadvantage to Mr. Richardson's father to leave his flourishing business in London, and as it is not very likely that a man in his way of life should have so companionable an intimacy with the Duke of Monmouth and the Earl of Shaftsbury as to subject him to danger on that account merely, it is probable that he entered further into their

political views than appears from the foregoing account. Mr. Samuel Richardson was born in the year 1689, in Derbyshire, but in what particular place cannot be traced out. It is said that Richardson, from some motives known only to himself, always avoided mentioning the town which gave him birth. If this concealment arose from a reluctance to bring into view the obscurity and narrow circumstances in which his childhood was involved, the motive was an unworthy one, since they only served to reflect honour on the genius which could break through so thick a cloud. But, in truth, the candour and openness with which he relates the circumstances of his early life ought to clear him from this imputation. He goes on to inform his friend, that his father intended him for the church; a designation perfectly agreeable to his own inclinations, and which, indeed, his strong sense of religion and the sobriety of his conduct gave him an appropriate fitness for. But he adds, 'But while I was very young, some heavy losses having disabled him from supporting me as genteelly as he wished in an education proper for the function, he left me to choose, at the age of fifteen or sixteen, a business, having been able to give me only common school-learning."

Some of the admirers of Richardson have wished to raise his character by asserting that he possessed a knowledge of the classics; but his own assertions are frequent in his letters, that he possessed no language but his own, not even French. It is said, indeed, that Dr.

Young and he have been heard to quote Horace and other classics in their familiar conversations, and the letters of the pedant Brand in Clarissa, which are larded with Latin quotations, are adduced as proofs of his scholarship; but, with regard to the latter, it seems probable, as may be seen in the letters, that he was assisted by his friend Mr. Channing; and, as to the former, it is not unlikely that he might be familiar with a few of those Latin phrases which are used, in a manner proverbially, by scholars, as the garniture of their discourse, and that he might also remember something of the rudiments, which he probably learnt at school, neither of which circumstances imply any real knowledge of the language. His deficiencies in this respect he often lamented; and it is certain his style is as far as possible from that of a scholar. It abounds with colloquial vulgarisms, and has neither that precision nor that tincture of classic elegance which is generally the result of an early familiarity with the best models.

But however an ignorance of the learned languages might, some centuries ago, have precluded the unlearned Englishman from those treasures of literature which open the faculties and enlarge the understanding, our own tongue now contains productions of every kind sufficient to kindle the flame of genius in a congenial mind.

With regard to Richardson, it is not often we possess such particular information as he has given us, in his own words, of his early invention and powers of affecting the heart.—" I

recollect that I was early noted for having invention. I was not fond of play, as other boys: my schoolfellows used to call me *Serious* and *Gravity;* and five of them particularly delighted to single me out, either for a walk, or at their father's houses, or at mine, to tell them stories, as they phrased it. Some I told them, from my reading, as true; others from my head, as mere invention, of which they would be most fond, and often were affected by them. One of them, particularly, I remember, was for putting me to write a history, as he called it, on the model of Tommy Pots: I now forget what it was, only that it was of a servant-man preferred by a fine young lady, for his goodness, to a lord, who was a libertine. All my stories carried with them, I am bold to say, an useful moral."

It is in like manner related of the Abbé Prevost, one of the most affecting of the French novelists, that when he was among the Carthusians, into which order he had originally entered, he was accustomed to amuse the good fathers with telling them stories of his invention; and once, it is recorded, they sat up the whole night listening to him. But not only our author's inventive turn, the particular mode in which he exercised it was very early determined. He was fond of two things, which boys have generally an aversion to—letter-writing, and the company of the other sex. An incident, which he relates in the following words, shews how early he had devoted himself to be the Mentor of his female acquaintance:

"From my earliest youth, I had a love of

letter-writing. I was not eleven years old, when I wrote, spontaneously, a letter to a widow of near fifty, who, pretending to a zeal for religion, and being a constant frequenter of church ordinances, was continually fomenting quarrels and disturbances, by backbiting and scandal, among all her acquaintance. I collected from the scripture texts that made against her: assuming the style and address of a person in years, I exhorted her, I expostulated with her. But my hand-writing was known. I was challenged with it, and owned the boldness; for she complained of it to my mother with tears. My mother chid me for the freedom taken by such a boy with a woman of her years; but knowing that her son was not of a pert or forward nature, but, on the contrary, shy and bashful, she commended my principles, though she censured the liberty taken."

Notwithstanding the ill-will which this freedom might draw upon him from individuals, he was, he tells us, a general favourite with young and old.

"As a bashful and not forward boy, I was an early favourite with all the young women of taste and reading in the neighbourhood. Half a dozen of them, when met to work with their needles, used, when they got a book they liked, and thought I should, to borrow me to read to them, their mothers sometimes with them; and both mothers and daughters used to be pleased with the observations they put me upon making.

"I was not more than thirteen, when three

of these young women, unknown to each other, having an high opinion of my taciturnity, revealed to me their love-secrets, in order to induce me to give them copies to write after, or correct, for answers to their lovers' letters; nor did any one of them ever know that I was the secretary to the others. I have been directed to chide, and even repulse, when an offence was either taken or given, at the very time that the heart of the chider or repulser was open before me, overflowing with esteem and affection; and the fair repulser, dreading to be taken at her word, directing *this* word or *that* expression, to be softened or changed. One, highly gratified with her lover's fervour and vows of everlasting love, has said, when I have asked her direction, 'I cannot tell you what to write; but (her heart on her lips) you cannot write too kindly:' all her fear was only that she should incur slight for her kindness."

Human nature is human nature in every class; the hopes and the fears, the perplexities and the struggles, of these low-bred girls, in, probably, an obscure village, supplied the future author with those ideas which, by their gradual development, produced the characters of a Clarissa and a Clementina; nor was he, probably, happier, or amused in a more lively manner, when sitting in his grotto, with a circle of the best-informed women in England about him, who, in after-times, courted his society, than in reading to these girls in, it may be, a little back shop, or a mantua-maker's parlour, with a brick floor. In the

mean time, years went on, and the father of Richardson, being disappointed in his views of bringing him up to a profession, it became incumbent on him to choose a humbler employment, and he fixed upon that of a printer; chiefly, as he informs us, because he thought it would gratify his thirst for reading. He was bound apprentice to Mr. John Wilde, of Stationer's-Hall, in the year 1706. He did not, however, find it easy to gratify this thirst, though the stream ran by his lips. "I served (says he) a diligent seven years to it; to a master who grudged every hour to me that tended not to his profit, even of those times of leisure and diversion which the refractoriness of my fellow-servants *obliged* him to allow them, and were usually allowed by other masters to their apprentices. I stole from the hours of rest and relaxation my reading times for improvement of my mind; and being engaged in a correspondence with a gentleman, greatly my superior in degree, and of ample fortune, who, had he lived, intended high things for me, those were all the opportunities I had in my apprenticeship to carry it on. But this little incident I may mention: I took care that even my candle was of my own purchasing, that I might not, in the most trifling instance, make my master a sufferer (and who used to call me the pillar of his house), and not to disable myself by watching or sitting up, to perform my duty to him in the day-time." The correspondence with the gentleman just mentioned must have been of great service to the young apprentice, in gaining that

fluency of pen which he was remarkable for, though it appears he was deprived by death of the patronage he expected. "Multitudes of letters passed between this gentleman and me: he wrote well, was a master of the epistolary style. Our subjects were various; but his letters were mostly narrative, giving me an account of his proceedings, and what befel him in the different nations through which he travelled. I could from them, had I been at liberty, and had I at that time thought of writing, as I have since done, have drawn great helps; but many years ago, all the letters that passed between us, by a particular desire of his, lest they should ever be published, were committed to the flames."

After the expiration of his apprenticeship, our author continued five or six years working as a compositor and corrector of the press to a printing-office, and part of the time as an overseer; and, at length, thus working his way upwards into day-light, he took up his freedom, and set up for himself; at first, in a court in Fleet-Street, from whence, as his business grew more extensive, he removed into Salisbury-Court.

*(To be continued.)*

## *MISCELLANEOUS.*

### INGRATITUDE.

WHEN Buonaparte introduced his new system of religion, he made Archbishop of Tours and Cardinal, the former

Archbishop of Aix, M. de Boisgelin, who had been for many years the champion of the French emigrants in England. In 1798, he preached in the French chapel, King-Street, Portman-Square, London, and vehemently inveighed against the rebels to his king, saying, *let us rather die than violate our former oath of allegiance to our king*. But at last he made a bargain with Buonaparte, who had been the most devoted tool to the king's murderers; and thereby the Archbishop Boisgelin became an apostate and a renegado. It is also worth observing, that, at the renewal of hostilities, in 1803, this archbishop and cardinal of the Corsican fabric proved himself a most worthy tool to Buonaparte, by bitterly declaiming against England, where he had found protection and a most generous hospitality at a time when he might have starved in any other country.

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SIR THOMAS GRESHAM

Was agent for Edward VI, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth. His mercantile genius exerted itself not only in contriving excellent schemes for paying the debts of the crown and extending our foreign trade, but also in introducing into the kingdom the manufactures of small wares, such as pins, knives, hats, ribbons, &c. He was, in a word, the founder of commerce, and of the Royal Exchange, which was finished in the year 1569.

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HENRY VIII, KING OF ENGLAND.

This monarch, says Speed, was of presence

majestical, and of personage more than ordinarily tall; very wise and well learned; of a sudden and ready speech; in youth, very prodigal, aud in age, very liberal, pleasant, and affable, but not to be dallied with; bold with attempting, and even thirsty of potent glory; an expert soldier, and ever favouring such as were active or serviceable, according to the then usual saying, "King Henry loves a man."

This magnificent monarch sailed to Calais, and set down before Boulogne on the 11th of July, 1544, in a vessel, the sails of which were made of cloth of gold. He took Boulogne on the 14th of September in the same year, and restored it to the French in 1550; the not unfrequent consequences of war, when, after long and expensive campaigns, drenched in the blood of thousands of the human race, and supported at the expence of many millions of money, the parties, with respect to territory and the object of the war, remaining in the same state in which they were when they began it.

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## THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.

Nothing is so undecisive as disputes about the constitution of any country It is often not to be found in the statute laws themselves, but sometimes in the mere execution of them, in the opinions of the inhabitants, and in the actual government of the country. England is a mixed government, and may make upon paper either a monarchy or a republic, as those persons who consult it's records with a partial view may wish to make it. It really partakes of each

form of government, and it's subjects may well rest satisfied with it, as a constitution that has afforded more general and more equal liberty to mankind than any other country that the world has produced; a constitution, of which it was said by an enemy in Edward IV's time, that the public good was more considered in it, than in any other government in Europe; and of which, in the reign of George III, a fastidious and incensed republican exclaimed, "I see that in this country the people are respected." It matters very little whether a machine that answers it's destination perfectly agrees with the model that was laid down for it; and as all government is a mere matter of experience, if the practice is good, why be continually recurring to it's supposed principles? "The effects of gunpowder (says D'Alembert) are in total opposition to all theory; yet who, particularly in these times, doubts of the force and violence of them?"

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JOSEPH HOUGH, BISHOP OF WORCESTER,

Was as amiable and excellent in private as he was upright and spirited in public life. His servant having one day let fall a very fine barometer belonging to him, which he had caused to be brought into his drawing-room to shew to his company, the glass broke, and the quicksilver flew about the floor: the bishop, turning round to his guests, said with a smile, "I protest I never saw the quicksilver so low in all my life."

The following anecdote of Bishop Hough's

good-humour is told upon respectable authority. He kept a very hospitable table, and was visited by all the gentry in his neighbourhood. A whimsical lady in a certain situation, with her husband, dining with him, was much pleased with a silver turenne which she saw at his table; and, on going home, was, or pretended to be, ill, in consequence of the extreme desire she had for it. Remonstrances, entreaties, were in vain, and the poor husband, for quiet's sake, was obliged to go to the bishop and tell him the situation of his wife. The bishop gave him the turenne for his lady; and some time afterwards, when the lady had produced a chopping boy and was out of her bed, the bishop sent a note to her, to congratulate her on her safe delivery; and to say, that he now, in his turn, longed for the turenne, which, however, should be always at her service, whenever she again longed for it.

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### HENRY IV, KING OF FRANCE.

As soon as this prince was born, Henry D'Albret, his grandfather, took him in his arms, and gave his mother his will in a golden box, telling her, "The box is your's, my girl, but the child is mine." He instantly began upon that plan of hardy and manly education which he intended to give him, by rubbing his lips with a clove of garlick, and by putting a drop of strong wine into his mouth. He was much pleased with the child, as he grew bigger and stronger, and used to shew him to every one, exclaiming, "See what a lion my ewe has pro-

duced!" He caused him to be brought up like the children of the peasants of his country, without allowing the least distinction to be made between him and them, making him undergo the same strong exercise which they did, and permitting no one to call him Prince, or to grant him the least indulgencies. Then, soon afterwards, the vivacity, the penetration, the affability, which characterised Henry began to make their appearance.

Before the battle of Ivry, which decided the fate of the crown of France, this magnanimous prince made the following pious address to God: "If it should please thee not to bestow the crown upon me, or thou seest that I am likely to be one of those kings whom thou givest to mankind in thy wrath, take away my life as well as the crown—grant me to-day to be the victim of thy wise will—grant that my death may deliver France from the calamities of the war, and that my blood may be the last that shall be shed in this dispute." Immediately before he charged the enemy, he said to the regiment which he headed, "My comrades, if you follow my fortune, remember I follow your's. I am determined either to conquer or to die with you. Keep your ranks, I beseech you; but if the violence of the engagement should make you quit them, endeavour to rally again; that ensures victory: you will rally under those three trees that you see there, on the eminence; and if you should lose your standards, do not lose sight of my white plume of feathers; you will ever find it in the road to

honour and victory." When the enemies' ranks were broken, he exclaimed, "Save the French, but give no quarter to the strangers."

During the siege of Paris, he suffered all those who were willing to quit that obstinate and deluded capital to pass through his army, adding, "I am not astonished that the heads of the League and the Spaniards have so little pity upon those poor people; they are only their tyrants; but for me, who am their father and their king, I cannot bear the recital of what they suffer from famine and pestilence without horror, and without desiring to alleviate it.

Henry used to say of his sovereign power, "I hold my kingdom from God most incontestably; it belongs to him immediately: he has only entrusted me with it. I ought, then, to make every effort that He may reign in it, that my orders may be subordinate to his, and that my laws may make his laws observed and respected."

When he married Mary de Medicis, he said to Madame de Guercheville, to whom he had long in vain paid his addresses, "As you are really a lady of honour, I put you in that situation about my wife."

Humanity appears to have been a natural virtue in Henry. He was continually repeating that kings ought to have the heart of a child toward God, and that of a father toward their subjects.

On declaring war against Spain, he had thoughts of abolishing the land-tax. Sully asked him where he should then be able to find the money he wanted for carrying on the war. "In

the hearts of my people (replied Henry): that is a treasure which can never fail me."

When some of his courtiers were one day expressing their fears that his great familiarity would destroy that respect for his person which subjects should feel for their king, he said, "Pomp, parade, and a severe gravity, belong only to those who feel that without such imposing externals, they should have nothing that would impress respect. With regard to myself, by the grace of God, I have in myself what makes me think that I am worthy of being a king. Be that, however, as it may, it is more honourable for a prince to be beloved than feared by his subjects."

Some one was saying before this prince how happy the kings were. "They are not (replied he) so happy as you imagine them to be. Kings are either bad or good men. If they are bad men, they bear within themselves their own plague and torment: if they are good men, they find from other people a thousand causes of uneasiness and affliction. A good king feels the misfortunes of all his subjects; and in a great kingdom what innumerable sources are there of affliction!"

His courtiers one day complimenting him upon the strength of his constitution, and telling him that he must live to be eighty years of age, he replied, "The number of our days is reckoned. I have often prayed to God for grace, but never for a long life. A man who has lived well, has always lived long enough, however early he may die."

THE USE OF

## *HISTORICAL KNOWLEDGE.*

*From Bigland's Letters on the Study of Ancient ad Modern History, just published.*

IT is with peculiar pleasure that we take up this interesting work of Mr. Bigland's, of which we had occasion to make honorable mention in our miscellany for February last. His opinion on the use of historical information is so perfectly consonant with our own, that we are induced to lay this article before our readers.—

" Whilst the philosopher contemplates the almost endless variety of political and religious establishments existing in the world, and the current opinions of mankind in different ages, and in different countries, history, in an eminent degree, comes to his aid; and by enlarging his views, and extending his ideas, extinguishes those illiberal prejudices which narrow the mind, which deaden the feelings, and obscure the understanding. Error and prejudice have an almost universal influence over the minds of men; and it is only in proportion to the light conveyed to the mind, by general information and extensive views of things, that this influence is weakened or annihilated. Certain prepossessions take hold of our minds, and domineer over our reason, from our infancy, from the first dawn of thoughts. They are inspired by systems and establishments, by received customs, by current opinions, and by the conversation and the authority of those who are the nearest and dearest to us, and have the greatest influence over us. Every nation, eve-

ry religious sect, every class of society, has prejudices peculiar to itself: these prejudices are strengthened by various circumstances; they acquire a deeper root from the books we read, the country we live in, the persons with whom we converse, the station of life in which we are placed, and a thousand other incidents. If we should select a certain number of children, of capacities as nearly equal as possible, (for a perfect equality in this respect, perhaps, does not exist) if we should give them all the same education, and place them in the same station of life, whatever trifling difference might be observed in their understandings or acquirements owing to the different degrees of their application and intellectual exertion, or other incidental circumstances, we should still find in all of them (more or less) the same views, the same prejudices, the same current opinions and general ideas. But if, on the contrary, they should be differently educated and disposed of—if one should be made a soldier—another a sailor—the third an husbandman—the fourth a merchant—if another should be placed in a monastery, and enter into one of the religious orders of the church of Rome—another become a minister of some protestant church—if another should be sent into a Mahometan country, and, after a suitable education, become a Mufti of the mussulman religion—if another should be educated among the Bramins of India—and the mind of another be formed among the Lamas of Thibettian Tartary, or among the disciples of Confucius, or the worshippers of Foe, in China, or Japan, we

should then see in their different prejudices, current opinions, and general ideas, the full force and influence of external and adventitious circumstances upon the human intellect. If the minds of men could be rendered visible, what different pictures would those persons, in their maturer years, display! They would exhibit in the most luminous, the most distinct, and the most striking point of view, the full power and effect of national, political, and religious prejudices upon the human mind. These prejudices, diversified by a thousand different shades, some more faintly, others more strongly marked, influence, in a greater or less degree, almost every individual of the human race; but more especially the vulgar and illiterate, the slaves of systems, opinions, and fashions; and their influence is hostile to the improvement of the human mind, as well as to true religion and christian charity. They foster ignorance, and engender pride, and strongly tend to weaken or destroy that universal philanthropy so forcibly inculcated by the great Author of the christian religion.

"Nothing has a greater tendency to eradicate narrow and illiberal prejudices than a general acquaintance with those circumstances and events, which, at different periods, have taken place in the world, and which have, in so decisive a manner, determined the conditions and opinions of mankind; and this knowledge the judicious perusal of ancient and modern history communicates. Hence arise extensive views and just ideas, with which the spirit of perse-

cution and intolerance is incompatible. While the bigotted Protestant condemns, perhaps without examination, what he calls the absurdities of the church of Rome; and the bigotted catholic anathematizes the Protestant who refuses obedience to what the other deems the infallible church; while the Calvinist condemns the Arminian, and the Arminian the Calvinist, because they happen to think differently respecting the mysterious plan of redemption, and of the divine decrees; while bigots of every persuasion condemn and persecute one another, the enlightened philanthropist, of whatever denomination he may be, sees in every man a brother; and regards the whole collective mass of mankind as one vast family, the children of one common Father. While the bigot breathes nothing but intolerance and persecution against those who happen to have opinions different from himself, the enlightened and benevolent christian considers the different nations of mankind as living under different dispensations, and resigns them all into the hands of the divine Being, who rules and disposes all things as he thinks fit, and in a manner which our feeble reason is not able to comprehend.

"Confident that these remarks will meet with your approbation, and that your sentiments relative to this subject will perfectly coincide with mine.

"I am, Sir, your's, &c.

"J. B."

## FREQUENCY OF PERJURY, OCCASIONED BY THE LAWS.

THE great number of oaths which different laws direct to be taken, has long been an object of complaint. On almost every occasion, in the custom-house, before the board of excise, and those of every other branch of the revenue, gentlemen, merchants, and tradesmen, are required to swear to the different articles of their business, commerce, or trade -- often respecting circumstances it is almost impossible they should at all times know. Nevertheless, without taking such oaths, their different concerns must all be at a stand.

The frequency of these oaths, and the slovenly, not to say irreverent and indecent manner in which they are administered tend greatly to take off their solemnity, by degrees to weaken their impression on the mind, and consequently to lessen the horror for perjury ; so that nothing is more common than to hear persons, in every other instance men of integrity and conscience, talk very lightly of a custom-house oath. Nay, indeed, it is said, and I fear with too much foundation, that there are a set of men who attend at the custom-house, under the denomination of *Damned Souls*, in order, for a certain fee, to swear out any goods whatsoever for the merchants, although they never before heard of the articles, or saw the parties, and are totally strangers to every part of the business. But even these men have a kind of salvo to quiet their scruples—that is, to take a previous oath, by

which they bind themselves never to swear to the truth, at the custom-house or excise-office. Surely great care ought to be taken to check every thing that may tend to familiarize perjury, or lessen the popular reverence for an oath. Against false evidence, backed by perjury, the life, honour, and fortune of the most harmless man is not safe.

Let any one, who hears an oath administered as it is too commonly done in our courts, say whether he thinks that a proper manner of addressing an appeal to the great Creator of all things, and whether he would not discharge a servant who would not treat him with more respect? Indeed oaths are so hastily and inattentively gabbled over by the generality of law clerks, that the only intelligible sentence is the last, namely, Give me a shilling; so that few persons know the exact conditions of the oath they are taking.

Many of the lower people are so little instructed in the nature of an oath, that they suppose they shall escape the guilt of perjury, by kissing their thumbs instead of the book; and others conceive that the crime of a false oath is in the direct ratio of the book on which it is taken: it being perjury to forswear oneself on a common-prayer book, greater on a prayer-book and testament, and greatest of all on the prayer-book bound up with the old and new-testament, this constituting what is more properly called a *bible oath*.

Perhaps some plain practical discourses from the pulpit, on the subject of false swearing, and

the nature and obligations of an oath, would be infinitely more serviceable to the generality of the people, than all the sermons on mystical points, that were ever delivered.

## *For the Monthly Visitor.*

### *On the ridiculous Consequences assumed from Superiority of Places of Residence.*

SO prevailing is the love of superiority in the human breast, that most strange and ridiculous claims are set up for it, by those who have no real merit to offer. It is indeed absurd enough to value oneself for bodily perfections or mental powers, both being totally the gift of the Supreme Being, without the least merit on our part. Nor is that consequence arrogated from illustrious birth at all justifiable, since the proof of possessing it cannot arise higher than probability; all ladies are not Susannas, nor all servants Josephs: but suppose it proved, a good man does not want that addition, and to a bad one the virtues of his ancestors are standing reproach. A lower kind of importance is frequently assumed, from the excellence of one's domestic animals, such as a fine pack of hounds, stanch pointers, or fleet horses; when the owner and arrogator of their merit has neither bred, chosen, or taught them, and has had no other concern with them than simply paying the purchase money. How excellently does Dr. Young, in his Universal Passion, delineate and expose a character of this kind!

The squire is proud to see his courser strain,
Or well-breath'd beagles sweep along the plain:
Say, dear Hippolytus (whose drink is ale,
Whose erudition is a Christmas-tale,
Whose mistress is saluted with a smack,
And friend received with thumps upon the back)
When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,
Is that thy praise?—Let Ringwood's fame alone,
Just Ringwood leaves each animal his own,
Nor envies when a gipsy you commit,
And shake the clumsy bench with country wit;
When you the dullest of dull things have said,
And then ask pardon for the jest you made.

But of all ridiculous pretensions to pre-eminence, that arising from the place of one's residence seems the most foolish, and yet nothing is more common, and that not limited to countries, provinces, or cities, but is regularly extended to the different parts of the town, and even to the several stories of a house. The appellation of a country booby is very ready in the mouth of every citizen and apprentice, who feels an imaginary superiority from living in the metropolis; and let any one who has seen ladies from London, of the middling order, in a country church, answer me, whether they failed to display a contemptuous consequence founded on their coming from that city.

London is divided into the suburbs, city, and court, or t'other end of the town, as it is vulgarly but commonly expressed, and again subdivided into many districts and degrees, each in

a regular climax, conferring ideal dignity and precedency. The inhabitants of Kent-street and St. Giles's, are mentioned by those of Wapping, Whitechapel, Mile End, and the Borough, with sovereign contempt; whilst a Wapineer, a Mile-Ender, and a Borroughnian, are proverbially used about the Exchange to express inferior orders of beings; nor do the rich citizens of Lombard-street ever lose the opportunity of retailing the joke on a Whitechapel fortune.

The same contempt is expressed for the cits inhabiting the environs of the Royal Exchange, or residing within the sound of Bow Bell, St. Bennet's Sheer Hog, Pudding-lane, and Blowbladder-street, by the inferior retainers of the law in Chancery-lane, Hatton-garden, and Bedford-row; and these again are considered as people living totally out of the polite circle by the dwellers in Soho, and the opulent tradesmen settled in Bloomsbury, Queen's, and Bedford-squares, in their first flight from their counting-house in the city.

The new colonies about Oxford-street sneer at these would-be people of fashion; and are, in their turns, despised by those whose happier stars have placed them in Pall Mall, St. James's, Cavendish, and Portman-squares.

Thus it is, taking this kind of pre-eminence in a general view; but to descend to a smaller scale. The lodger in the first floor scarcely deigns to return the bow to the occupier of the second in the same house; who on all occasions makes himself amends by speaking with the

utmost contempt of the garreteers over head, with many shrewd jokes on sky-parlours. The precedency between the garret and the cellar seems evidently in favour of the former, garrets having long been the residence of the literati, and sacred to the muses. It is not therefore wonderful that the inhabitants of those sublime regions should think the renters of cellars, independent of a pun, much below them. Besides the distinctions of altitude, there is that of forward and backward. I have heard a lady who lodged in the fore room of the second story, on being asked after another who lodged in the same house, scornfully describe her by the appellation of Mrs. Thingumbob, the woman living in the back room.

Polite situations not only confer dignity on the parties actually residing on them, but also, by emanations of gentility, in some measure ennoble the vicinity. Thus, persons living in any of the back lanes or courts, near one of the polite squares or streets, may tack them to their address, and thereby somewhat add to their consequence. I once knew this method practised by a person who lived in a court in Holborn, who constantly added to his direction—"Opposite the Duke of Bedford's, Bloomsbury-Square."

To prevent disputes respecting the superiority here mentioned, I have, with much impartiality, trouble, and severe study, laid down a sort of table of precedency, and marshalled the usual places of residence in the following order, beginning with the meanest.—First,

then, in order, of all those who occupy only parts of a tenement, stand the tenants of stalls, sheds, and cellars; from whence we take an immediate flight to the top of the house, in order to arrange in the next class the residents in garrets: from thence we gradually descend to the second and first floor, the dignity of each being in the inverse ratio of it's altitude, it being always remembered, that those dwelling in the fore part of the house take the pas of the inhabitants of the back rooms: the ground-floor, if not a shop and warehouse, ranks with the second story. Situations of houses I conceive to rank in the following order; passages, yards, alleys, courts, lanes, streets, rows, places, and squares.

As a comfort to those who might despond at seeing their lot placed in an humiliating degree, let them remember that all but the first situations are capable of promotion, and that the inhabitant of a yard or court may, without moving, find himself a dweller in a street: many instances of this have happened within my memory. Does any one hesitate at the appellation of Fludyer and Crown-Streets, Westminster? and yet both these were, not long ago, simply Ax-Yard and Crown-Court, and have been lately raised to the dignity of streets, without passing through the intermediate ranks of lanes, &c. Cranbourn-Alley has experienced the same elevation; and any one who should chance to call it otherwise than Cranbourn-Street would risk something more than abuse from the ladies of the needle and

sons of the gentle craft resident there. Tyburn-Road has been polished to Oxford-Street; Broad-Street, St. Giles's, to Broad-Street, Bloomsbury; Hedge-Lane, to Whitcombe-Street; and Leicester-Fields has of late been promoted to the rank of a Square.

## HISTORICAL DESCRIPTION OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.

THE Tower of London, from the Norman conquest to the present time, has been employed as a royal fortress; every part of it's history, for a period of more than seven hundred years, is connected with the most important facts that relate to the government and laws of this country. In this structure we contemplate a monument originally raised to despotism, and in succeeding ages alternately applied to public security and private oppression. It is not by metaphysical subtleties, and by catechisms and categories on indefeasible rights, that we gain the love of liberty; it is by looking attentively into the history of our own country, by comparing the crimes and the virtues of the agents concerned in it, by directing our indignation against the one and our admiration toward the other, that we are enabled to cultivate with success this patriotic principle, on which national virtue essentially depends. If our Gallic neighbours had examined more correctly the records of tyranny in their own annals, instead of despising the experience of

past times, and refining, with political schoolmen, on the crudities of the new philosophy, they would have learnt how to detest the principles of the eleventh Lewis, to respect those of the fourth Henry, and, by delivering over the former to public execration and attracting to the latter public gratitude, they would have established some opinions less evanescent than the logic of modern sophists. It is to divert the attention of our countrymen from this political levity, from this didactic frivolity, to the substantial foundations of British freedom, that we point to the structure where Rochester, More, and Russel, fell victims to religion, liberty, and virtue; and where Essex, Balmerino, and Kilmarnock, resigned their forfeited lives to the repose of their country. In whatever excesses vanity may indulge on the heroism of the English name, there was a period when the island became a prey to German pirates, and more recently to a vassal of the French crown. Until the time of Elizabeth, Britain never understood her true interests; and the history of the nation was disgraceful at home and contemptible abroad, excepting during the reigns of the third Edward and of the fifth Henry, when Albion was illumined by a transient gleam of political glory. The rapid conquest of England by the Norman Duke is one of the most extraordinary instances on record of hardihood on the one side, and of pusillanimity on the other. Against the Roman legions the Britons maintained their ground for a long period; with the Saxons we disputed inch by inch the territory of our fore-

fathers; but to the Danes we presented our limbs to be enthralled; and the descendant of the victorious Rollo in a single day reduced us to the condition of the slaves of a slave of the first Philip, and the island of Britain became the island of France, an appendage of a bastard of the Capetian court in the French seas.

William I. built the Tower of London with the manifest design of intimidating and controling the citizens of his new capital. The like policy induced him to erect fortresses in the various provinces of his conquest; and he commanded the emigrant nobility, who were attached to his person, to resort to a similar expedient, as not only conducive to public order, but to private security * From hence arose the distinction of national and domestic fortresses, of allodial and feudal castles, which, during the successive reigns of virtuous and vicious, of favoured and unfortunate princes, became alternately the friendly means of security and the fatal instruments of destruction.

* Agard, in his Discourse of Castles, says, "For I reade in the historie of Normandie, written in French, that when Sweyne, King of Denmark, entered the realme against Kyng Alred, or Allured, to revenge the night slaughter of the Danes, done by the Saxons in Englande, he subdued all before him, because there were no fortes or castles to withstand or stop him; and the reason yielded is because the fortes of Englande, for the most part, were builte after the Normans possessed the realme."

Rex Gulielmus Conquestor ad castella construenda totam Angliam fatigabat. Rous. Rot. i.

The English monks, willing to inclose all authority within the pale of the church, were loud in their complaints against the military lords. William of Newburg said, "there were as many kings, or rather tyrants, as lords of castles." Matthew Paris more indignantly styles these retreats "very nests of devils, or dens of thieves." In the treaty between Stephen and Henry of Normandy, it was a prescribed condition that the baronial fortresses erected within a certain date should be destroyed. John, who was fond of sheltering himself under the papal mantle, procured a bull from Honorius, commanding that no person in England should possess more than two king's castles. These buildings were greatly multiplied during the contests in the wars of the Roses; they were erected in profound solitudes and on the summits of tremendous promontories. Here the baron, the royal beast of the forest, held his lonely reign, and roamed thro' the heathy desert; or, perched on a rock, like the imperial eagle, listened, unmoved, to the boisterous ocean, roaring in the caverns or breaking in hoary waves beneath him. The sanguinary competitors for the British crown being united in the person of Henry VIII, a check was given to this barbarous system. After the restoration, it was completely annihilated.*

* Many castles were repaired and garrisoned during the reign of Charles I: several of these were destroyed

The Tower was used as a royal palace, occasionally, from it's foundation to the time of Elizabeth: during the long period of the civil war, and in the reigns of the more feeble princes, it was a place of safety for the person of the monarch, which recommended it under all the inconveniencies of it's situation. In the treaty of Runny-Mead, the barons were too prudent to trust to the promises of the perfidious John, and the security required and obtained for it's performance was, the resignation of this fortress into the hands of the haughty negociators. On some occasions, we find the *aula regia* to be established here, and the courts of the Tower to be as hostile to the citizens as the garrison. In the reign of Henry II, the offices of justices in *eyre*, or in *itinere*, were appointed. Sometimes the best institutions are perverted to the worst purposes. We are informed by the

by order of parliament, and others have been demolished by the violence of plunderers or by the slower dilapidations of time. Besides the abolition of military tenures by public law, to which we have alluded, several other causes contributed to the destruction of these fortresses. The change in the art of war, by the invention of gunpowder, the settled state of the nation, by the union of the discordant families, the increase of luxury, which rendered the feudal dungeon unsuited to modern refinement, and the superiority of the British navy, which secured England from hostile invasion—all these have converted them into a heap of mouldering ruins, which the moralist views with mingled detestation and triumph, and which the artist contemplates with respect, frowning aloft amid the awful scenery of nature.

legal antiquarians, that in the fifth and twenty-eighth of Henry III, Hubert de Burgo, William Eboraco, and others, in the office of justices in *itinere*, held in the Tower pleas of the crown, comprehending such crimes and misdemeanors wherein the king, in his own behalf or that of the public, is the plaintiff. Such judges, wholly under the direction of the court, through the means of false charges and convictions, found it extremely easy to "squeeze the city," so as to extract sufficient supplies for royal prodigality. These artifices occasioned general discontent; and John de Coudres, a municipal officer, was imprisoned in this reign for having merely said, "that the liberty of the city, and the life or limbs of the citizens, ought to be equally regarded." Such were the rights of England in the thirteenth century, while the seal of Magna Charta was yet warm.

We have noticed that the fortress was begun under William I. The architect of the White Tower was the Bishop of Rochester: it has sometimes been called Cæsar's Tower, from an absurd tradition; and by Fitz Stephen, Arx Palatina, with more propriety, from the dignity with which the governor was invested.*

* It has been said by antiquarians, that a round keep, or dungeon, was denominated a Julliet, from a vulgar opinion that large round towers were built by Julius Cæsar. The remarkable *square* keep, or dungeon, which was so long the imperial palace of England, and was called a Julliet, or Cæsar's Tower, inclines us to smile at this assumption of the learned.

In 1092, the ravages of a tempest on this building were repaired by William Rufus and the first Henry; when, for additional security, new walls were raised round it, and some bastions were erected on the shore of the Thames, where was placed the traitor's, or the bloody, gate, through which the state prisoners were conveyed to their confinement.

According to Baker's Chronicle, under Richard I, William, Bishop of Ely, built the outer wall and formed the fosse, but was not so successful in the levelling as to supply it with the waters of the Thames, according to his intention. Matthew Paris informs us, that, at great expence, and very much to the dissatisfaction of the citizens, Henry III improved the fortifications of the Tower, and erected the gate and bulwark toward the city. The order from that prince to the keepers of the Tower, for a variety of repairs and embellishments, is still extant, and during this reign the menagerie was established.

In the ninth of Edward II, the indignation of the citizens against this imperious neighbour, that threatened them with continued hostility, was so great, that they committed some depredations, and "the mayor and commonalty of London were fined for throwing down the earthen wall against the Tower of London." Edward IV built a brick wall, and considerably increased the strength of the fortress; he also erected the bulwark, encroaching yet further on the territory of the city.

Richard III, in the arbitrary spirit suited to

his character, ordered the surveyor of the royal works "to take and seize for use, within this realm, as many masons, bricklayers, and other workmen, as should be thought necessary for the hasty expedition of the king's works within the Tower of London."

The subsequent alterations of Henry VIII, Edward VI, Elizabeth, and under the princes since her time, deserve no particular notice, excepting, perhaps, the extensive structure of the new armory, which was commenced by James II, and finished a short time posterior to the revolution.

It would be impossible for us, in this cursory view, to enter minutely into the history of those unfortunate individuals to whom this fortress has been the last place of abode; it would be to detail the vices and the virtues which have either stained or embellished our annals during the reigns of two and thirty princes; all that we can perform is, to select a few insulated examples, to expose the spirit of the times and the character of the human mind in some of the most remarkable periods of English history. For this purpose, we shall notice three extraordinary examples which occurred nearly at equidistant periods. The first happened when the intrigues of the court began to govern the popular elections of representatives, and when the obsequious judges formally declared the king to be above all law; the second, in the very year in which the sanguinary laws were passed, comprehended in what has been called the Bloody Statute; the third, when a similar com-

plaisance to the sovereign was exercised by the judges, and when a similar fate awaited the authority by which they were constituted.

Fitz-Allan, Earl of Arundel, was one of the first victims within the precincts of the Tower. He had conducted himself with bravery in an engagement with the French fleet, and had acquired the love of the country. The court used the utmost diligence to undermine his reputation; and, not satisfied with this, they seem to have endeavoured to take away his life by private assassination, under circumstances which strongly indicate the barbarism of the times, for they attempted to make the chief magistrate of the city of London the instrument for the perpetration of this enormity. At a public feast, to which this nobleman and the Duke of Gloucester were invited by the lord mayor, Sir Nicholas Exton, poison was to have been administered: the magistrate, shocked with the turpitude of the project, gave private notice to the Duke of Gloucester of the intention, and the diabolical design was frustrated. A short time prior to the deposition of the profligate Richard, a more successful attempt was made on the life of Arundel. In 1397, he and his brother, the Archbishop of Canterbury, were accused of treason. The latter pleaded his ecclesiastical privileges, and preserved his life from the vengeance of his enemies; such was the respect for the church at the time when every principle of religion and morality were disregarded by the court. The charge against the earl was for obsolete attempts against the

crown, which had been obliterated by repeated pardons: the pardon granted for six years was annulled, as an act of indiscreet precipitation. Arundel, in his defence, pleaded the general pardon he had received, and the especial pardon of his sovereign, and he offered the trial of judicial combat in vindication of his innocence. All was ineffectual: he proceeded to the scaffold, throwing money to the people in his progress; and on noticing some of his relations, who were present at this solemn spectacle, he said to them, "It had been more decent for you to have been absent; but since you please yourselves with my misfortunes, I can foretel your miseries will be as remarkable as those you see me endure." He then examined the sword, returned it to the executioner with the utmost composure, resigned himself to his fate, and his head was severed at one blow. To the auditors he seemed to have spoken in the true spirit of prophecy; for, while his wounds were yet green in the sepulchre, his malicious relatives were sacrificed to public vengeance, and Richard was murdered in the castle of Pontefract.

Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, was granddaughter to George, Duke of Clarence, who was brother to Edward IV. In the reign of Henry VIII, when she was seventy years old, she was attainted of high treason on the most frivolous pretences. Two years elapsed before her execution, when, on the occasion of a trifling insurrection in Yorkshire, which was falsely attributed to her, this hoary and venera-

ble woman, the last descendant of the royal line of Plantagenet, was brought to the scaffold. She possessed an undaunted mind, and had resisted the introduction of the creed of the mutable Henry amongst her dependants. The fears of the most absolute prince in Europe could not be alarmed by this decrepid competitor, had she aspired to the crown; but the pedant pride of the defender of the faith was mortified by her resistance to his tenets; to enslave the body was not sufficient, the quibbling bigot would extend his empire over the mind. Having ascended the scaffold in the Tower, she was commanded to lay her head on the block: she replied to the mandate, "So should traitors do, but I am none." No persuasions would avail: she told the executioner, that if he would have her head, he must secure it as he could; and she turned herself in every direction to avoid the blow, her grey hairs floating in the wind. Under these circumstances she was massacred by the man of blood, and exhibited one of the most hideous scenes that was ever exposed during a public execution.

Whatever might be the merits of the question with respect to the political contests that occurred during the interregnum, the spirited discussions occasioned the diffusion of opinions favourable to the rights of the people; which, having once transgressed the boundary crafty tyrants had prescribed, proceeded with the impetuosity of a torrent, and, forsaking the channels through which they advanced, overspread the face of England. This general inun-

dation could not be restored to it's former limits by the re-establishment of royal power; but when the reins of government trembled in the feeble grasp of James II, in the person of Jeffries, an agent of legal murder was found as profligate as Tresilian in the reign of the son of the Black Prince. The times had changed, while the character of the government was the same; three centuries had elapsed, the art of printing had been invented, the feudal system had been destroyed, and men had been informed that they were fitted as well for active as for passive duties. Such was the state of society when the Duke of Monmouth rose into notice.

The vagrant affections of Prince Charles, eleven years prior to his acquiring the regal authority, were directed to Lucy Walter, and the offspring of this connection was a boy, whom they named James Scot. This was the first time that indulgent nature had granted a progeny to his wishes, and Charles felt all the paternal tenderness. The child was born at Rotterdam, in 1649; was afterwards sent, for his education, under the direction of the queen mother, to Paris, where the sensibility of his heart and the beauty of his form made an irresistible impression on every one who approached him. In his fourteenth year, he was received at Hampton Court, by his father, with that ardour of affection not unusual with princes, who are precluded from the enjoyments of friendship, and find a consolatory substitute in the ties of blood. Sufficient time had been given

to moderate the public expectation with respect to the father; but all the fair promises of the son were fully performed. His powerful attractions justified the royal favour: he was successively created Duke of Orkney and Monmouth; he was invested with the order of the garter; the notice of the court was not confined to titular distinctions, he was advanced to posts of honour and emolument; and he received from the hand of Francis, Earl of Buccleugh, Anne, his lovely daughter, who was acknowledged to be the greatest fortune and the finest woman in the three kingdoms. Added to all these recommendations, he acquired military fame in the service of his father; and such was the discredit of the Duke of York, the presumptive heir to the crown, and so easily can public credulity be imposed upon, where inclination favours the delusion, that the legitimacy of this gallant youth was generally believed, and a story was successfully propagated of a certain black box, which was secretly preserved, and contained a contract of marriage between Charles and his favourite Lucy.* Thus was the young duke honoured not only with royal indulgence, but his generous heart was gratified by the confidence and affection of a brave people. Five

* She is repeatedly styled his *wife* in letters to him from his sister, the Princess of Orange, who makes this curious apology for Lucy's intriguing with other men: "'Tis a frailty, they say, is given to the sex; therefore you will pardon her, I hope." SECRET HIS. CHA. II.

years elapsed between this period and the accession of James, when the versatility and fondness for novelty, so frequently exhibited in the Athenian state, visited England, and assisted the cause of the Duke of York. By promises, which are liberally made when not designed to be performed, he gained the reputation he did not deserve: the parliament granted him a revenue which rendered future parliaments unnecessary, and the infamous Jeffries was nominated lord high chancellor of the realm; and not only civil but military agents were quickly appointed who would have disgraced the government of the savage Ethiop.* To prevent the enormities which threatened the extinction not only of every valuable sentiment, but of every valuable life, in the country, Monmouth,

* Colonel Kirke was one of those military instruments: he had served against the Moors. From the numerous instances of barbarity, we will only select the following from Hume: "A young maid pleaded for the life of her brother, and flung herself at Kirke's feet, armed with all the charms that beauty and innocence, bathed in tears, could bestow upon her. The tyrant was inflamed by desire, not softened into love or clemency: he promised to grant her request, provided that she would, in her turn, be equally compliant with him. The maid yielded to the condition; but next morning, after she had passed the night with him, the wanton savage shewed her, from the window, her brother, the darling object for whom she had sacrificed her virtue, hanged on a gibbet, which he had secretly ordered to be there ready for his execution. Rage, despair, and indignation took possession of her mind, and deprived her for ever of her senses."

goaded onward by the restless importunity of his friends, landed at Lyme, from the Texel, with arms and ammunition, but with followers so few in number, that they might have been seized and inclosed in an ordinary watch-house. His force soon increased to five or six thousand men; but, instead of giving a decisive blow with the sword, he employed his pen in tedious manifestoes, and, after a most indiscreet delay, he attacked the king's troops at Sedgemoor, where he was defeated with great slaughter, and where he sullied his reputation by abandoning his companions in arms before the victory was finally decided. From thence, he rode as far as his horse could support him; he then arrayed a peasant in his own military trappings and honorary insignia, and assumed the rags of the countryman, and, with a German attendant, laid down in a ditch, concealing himself under a quantity of fern. Perhaps the vanity of the peasant, consoling himself by momentary adulation for habitual servility, exposed him to notice; and, gazing with a self-complacent stare on the gorgeous attire, he was rendered an easy captive. Confession was soon extorted. A dog belonging to the pursuers discovered the lowly retreat. Monmouth was seized, and disgraced himself by ignoble tears, and by clinging round the fond expectation of life.

The king had the indecency to hold a personal interview with him after his death was fully determined; but James's endeavour on this occasion to discover his accomplices was ineffectual; the unfortunate victim, if not

above the fear of death, was superior to private treachery. He was executed on Tower-Hill, and it seems the human butcher was unfit for his employment. The duke, who met his fate at this crisis with heroism, had given him a moderate reward, had cautioned him against conducting the business in the slovenly way under which Russel had suffered, and told the man where a further gratuity was ready if he boldly and skilfully performed his duty. The executioner was intimidated; he struck a feeble blow, when Monmouth raised his head, and looked him in the face: he gently laid his head down again, and a second time the executioner struck to no purpose; when, throwing away the axe in despair, he declared himself incapable of finishing the bloody deed. The sheriff, interfering, compelled him to renew the attempt; a third and a fourth blow were received by the mangled carcase before the head was severed from the body. The duke, at the time of his decapitation, was only thirty-six years old, and the attachment and credulity of the people was so extravagant, that they persuaded themselves some person had offered himself up at the shrine of friendship and patriotism, and that Monmouth yet lived to rescue Britain.

Stuart was more merciless than the tyrant of Syracuse, and the fidelity of Damon and Pythias was not revived; yet, by a singular coincidence in history, the popular expectations were not wholly disappointed. Three years posterior to this event, a native of the same country, embarking from the same shores, entered England,

a successful candidate for the same imperial crown which was wrested from the head of the prince to whom Monmouth was sacrificed.

## *For the Monthly Visitor.*

### ON DELICACY.

THE present age may, beyond a doubt, boast of remarkable refinement; for we may conclude that there never was a period when rusticity was more removed from our kingdom. All ranks and degrees of men, except the dregs of society, appear desirous to polish their manners, and render themselves respectable in their behaviour in life. We may consider polite literature as productive of these beneficial effects, and that thirst of knowledge so predominant in the present day. Though this is the case in general, yet we have to lament the want of delicacy in individuals, and a certain rusticity of manners peculiar to uncivilized ages. Rusticus professedly knows good breeding, yet, in his common behaviour, he is very offensive. He frequently puts modest worth to the blush, and yet appears unconscious of it. His words convey a meaning he never intended, and, when reproved, he says, smiling, "I never designed to give offence; if you will be offended, I cannot help it." Thus, being uncouth in his manners, he creates many enemies. His friends approve of many things,

as excellent, in his behaviour; yet they leave his company with regret, thinking on something he hinted at in an ambiguous manner. As he is engaged in business, his commercial connections do find themselves at times peculiarly hurt. He is not tender of the reputation of others, though he says that he is very cautious of raising reports. In fine, he is shunned in society, as his sarcastic reflections have proved very injurious. It seems surprising that, from past experience, he is not more on his guard; but he says, "It is my way, and I cannot alter it." Even strangers suffer from his want of delicacy. He takes as much liberty with them at the first interview, as if he had known them for some time; and if their feelings appear to be hurt, he is offended, though he is himself the cause of the offence. Thus, for want of caution, society imperceptibly suffers.

Delicacy is not only necessary in our behaviour in life, but likewise in our dress and furniture. In our appearance, respect is generally had to decorum and taste. If our dress be free from every thing that is immodest? If it be consistent with our station and circumstances in the world?—these are common enquiries, and imply that mankind criticise on each other, and are convinced of what borders on indelicacy. In females, delicacy appears to be peculiarly needful; but it is to be lamented that proper attention is not paid to it. Their dress, for some time, has been indelicate, and offensive to the strictly modest: when this is the case,

fashion, however prevalent, ought to be laid aside. Particular care ought to be paid to education, to check whatever is wrong, and to inculcate every thing that is modest.

There is a false delicacy which we ought to detest. It consists in a certain affectation, free from true politeness, and appears in a studied manner of expression and behaviour. We refuse to give ease to our manners, lest we should be indelicate. Our words must be precise to an extreme. We are afraid of speaking, lest we should give offence. Even our health suffers, for it is wrong to complain; and when others would assist us, we will not make known our wants.

Where delicacy prevails, there will be a reserve in our behaviour consistent with good manners. We shall be afraid of hurting the feelings of others: we shall therefore think before we speak, and consider the reputation of others of equal importance with our own: we shall banish from our conversation the least hint of indelicacy, and check whatever may endanger the welfare of society. Timidus has not received a very liberal education, and yet he is to an eminent degree possessed of a refined delicacy. He is afraid of offending an old friend, and does all in his power to conciliate the esteem of others. Though not rich, he is universally esteemed. He is not singular in his expressions, yet they are free from censoriousness. His furniture is not elegant, yet delicacy sets it off to a peculiar advantage. Having been blessed with some accomplished daugh-

ters, he enforces the necessity of delicacy in their dress and behaviour, and will not permit them to follow any fashion at the expence of modesty. The more this excellent character is known, the more he is prized. His worth cannot be sufficiently appreciated, for time does not alter his deportment.

If we wish to excel in life, let us cultivate the grace of delicacy: it will add a lustre to every situation: when riches pass from us, and human learning fails, we shall still enjoy a blessing that will compensate for the want of other accomplishments, and embalm our tomb with fragrancy: it will endear us to all our survivors, and make our names precious to posterity.

T. M.

*Hereford, July* 11, 1804.

## CURSORY REVIEW
## *OF THE PUBLIC CONDUCT OF*
## NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

ONE of the maxims of Swift is, that ambition unites servility with loftiness, as creeping and climbing are performed in the same attitude. In no instance is the justness of this remark more strongly illustrated than in the history of usurpers. Never did a politician, in ancient times, descend to meaner compliances than Julius Cæsar, in paying his court to the dregs of the Roman mob; yet, having

made the populace instrumental to his exaltation, he trampled on them, and on every order in Rome. Bonaparte, though much inferior to the Roman dictator, in power of genius, uniformity and completeness of success, so far resembles Cæsar, that he has CREPT, in order to climb, and degraded himself by condescensions and compliances which no private gentleman of honour and integrity would ever make.

Let us, in a few words, trace this adventurer from the goat-farms of Corsica to the imperial diadem.—He first made his way, not by any extraordinary qualities of his head or heart, but simply by BOOING. His first BOO was to the king, who gave him military education, a commission in the army, and bread to eat. To his king and benefactor, he adhered as long as fortune adhered. When the power of the sovereign declined, the loyalty of Bonaparte declined in the same proportion; and when the Girondists prevailed over monarchy, Bonaparte was the ardent votary of Brissot and Petion. To their party he stuck, till Robespierre came to be uppermost; and, while he was the follower of Brissot, he professed all the wildness of republican levelling. The supremacy of Robespierre gave him another cue. Now he was to be paramount, not only in anarchy, as under the former commanders, but in cruelty; and, indeed, he proved himself worthy of being the underling of the terrorists. His first military distinction was acquired from murdering a number of Frenchmen in cold blood: he assembled them in a square, and destroyed them

by grape shot; a pastime not unworthy of the servant of such a master. To Robespierre, he was very faithful, as long as fortune was faithful, and did not desert him until he saw him destined to fall; then he joined most ardently with Robespierre's enemies. Being active and enterprising, he rendered very great services to his new friends, that were uppermost, against his old friends, that were undermost; and, on the 4th of October, 1795, in the great contest between the Jacobins and the Moderates, his efforts, in a considerable measure, determined the fortune of the day. The directory being now paramount in France, Bonaparte was it's most humble servant; and spared no degradation or servility to please the Five. One of these rulers was Barras, who had long kept a mistress, the widow of one Beauharnois, a money-scrivener, and afterwards a banker: this mistress becoming stale, the keeper became tired; and he looked about for some humble dependant, who might take the article off his hands.—Bonaparte was the man. To curry favour with the director, this complaisant time-server married his cast off mistress. She was not without a portion; Barras procured for her husband the command of the Army of Italy. Here we must allow the ambition of Bonaparte had crept, not climbed; for it can be no difficult ascent to reach, by matrimony, the charms of an old and cashiered courtezan—and thus did Bonaparte get the command of the army of Italy, which paved the way for his becoming Emperor of the Gauls.

Hitherto, Bonaparte had been the avowed enemy of all aristocrats and kings, because such, he said, assumed an authority beyond the bounds of natural equality. In Italy, his addresses to his soldiers teemed with declamations on the equality of mankind, and the insolence of persons who conceived themselves entitled to assume a superiority. To the native inhabitants of Italy, he spoke the same language; and maintained that his principal object was to emancipate the people, and to crush priests, lords, and princes. This was the tenor of his addresses to his own army and the commons of the Italian states; whoever doubts, may be satisfied, by reading his proclamations and addresses, which are to be found in the common Collections of State Papers, for the years 1796 and 1797. Throughout his wars and negociations in Italy, Bonaparte was a professed democrat, and avowedly sought to exalt the plebeians, AND OVERWHELM ALL DIVERSITY OF RANK! After the peace of Campo Formio, during his short residence at Paris, Bonaparte joined the Three Directors who stood, after reducing their colleagues, and was the humble and complaisant courtier of Lepaux, and spoke to the people the language of liberty and equality.

This enemy of pre-eminent distinction next proceeded to Egypt: there he found that rank and power were in the possession of the Mamelukes. There, again, he played his democratical part, and asserted the equality of mankind. The following is an extract from one of his

proclamations.—"The Egyptians have long languished under the tyranny of the beys—Frenchmen would vindicate their natural rights, protect their property, and promote their religion.—ALL MEN ARE EQUAL IN THE EYES OF GOD! understanding, ingenuity, and science, alone make a difference between them. And what wisdom, what talents, what virtues, distinguish the Mamelukes, that they should have exclusively all that renders life sweet and pleasant? Is there a beautiful woman?—she belongs to the Mamelukes! Is there a handsome slave, a fine horse, a fine house?—they belong to the Mamelukes! All the Egyptians are entitled to the possession of all places: the wisest, most enlightened, and most virtuous, will govern, and the people will be happy."—The same was the tenor of his language in Syria, and, indeed, throughout his plundering and murdering expedition to the East. How can Bonaparte, or any man, reconcile, not only these democratic expressions, but the whole series of his conduct for ten years, in France, Italy, and Egypt, with permanent diversity of rank, and especially with HEREDITARY distinction and power? If all men are equal, why are there first consuls and emperors? If a difference is admitted in favour of genius, science, and wisdom, why is the infant or unborn relation of Bonaparte, whose genius, science, and wisdom, cannot be known, destined to command? These, however, were the sentiments of Bonaparte while he was making his way, either by creeping or climbing, and not after

he had reached the pinnacle. Bonaparte militant was one person of the drama; Bonaparte triumphant is another.

## *FASHIONS OF LONDON AND PARIS,*

### FOR JULY, 1804.

### LONDON.

HATS of crape or gossamer, ornamented with silver; the Etruscan the most fashionable. The head dressed elegantly with flowers and diamonds, having a lace veil from the head, and covering the left arm. The Nun's Cap continues a favourite; turbans are very fashionable, but not so full and large as usual. Bonnets and hats of coloured silks are much worn, and chips and straws of various shapes without end. Coloured chips, with zebra feathers to match, have a good effect, and will be in great repute this season. Scarfs of lenou, or thin muslin, lined with coloured Persian, also small trimmed cloaks, lined with colours, and gossamer mantles, bound with coloured ribbons, and made over coloured silk bodies, the necks plaited with *tulle*. The dresses are made extremely plain and simple. Morning dresses are universal in printed muslins, made quite high in the neck, with long sleeves, and not very long trains, white lenou or muslin pelices, lined or faced with colours.

PARIS.

LILAC and flesh-coloured dresses are the prevailing fashions of the day, particularly the latter. Some *petites maitresses* have been seen with flesh-coloured pantaloons, under plain thin muslin. Long veils continue to be worn on one side, in the manner of a curtain. The straw-hats now worn by our court ladies are in the form of an open imperial crown, and are called *a la Josephine*. Silk gowns are more fashionable than muslin; trains, except in full court-dress, are proscribed. The coat of a *petit maitre* is either black, blue, or grey, very short and narrow behind. To walk very fast, and to look occupied, to stare at every body, and to notice nobody, is the very height of fashion.

THE HERCULANEUM MANUSCRIPTS.

GREAT progress has been made, under the auspices of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, in the unrolling and recovery of the *Papiri*, found in the ruins of Herculaneum. The public are already informed, that the prince exerted all the influence of his high station and character, to procure the sanction of the King of Naples to the unravelling of those stores of eminent literature, which were, otherwise, doomed to perish anexplored. He completely succeeded in his application. The King of Naples not only made the prince a present of the same number of volumes as he had been induced to give to the Emperor Napoleon, but he also gave free leave to the literary agents of

His Royal Highness to exert their skill to recover the hidden treasures of literature and science. Accordingly the Rev. Mr. Heyter has been at Naples for a considerable time, engaged, with a number of assistants, in this important work, and scholars of every country will be delighted to hear that he has made rapid progress in the task. Previously to the interference of the Prince of Wales *eighteen* manuscripts had been opened in the course of *forty-six* years, but under his auspices nearly *ninety* have been opened in little more than *two* years. Mr. Heyter writes from Portici, in May last, "that though the difficulties in unravelling the almost extinguished Papiri are incredible, and the operation of course most dilatory, as the persons employed may even yet be considered as learners, yet every day new lights are opened to them. Above fourscore manuscripts have been unrolled under his direction, entirely or in part. Among these, seven were Latin, but these it was unfortunately necessary to relinquish, in consequence of a fatal accident which reduced them to powder. He has discovered at the end of the manuscript the name of Demetrius Phalergus. Fragments of four books of Epicurus are ready for publication. The engravings of one book, and of six columns of another, are compleated. A Treatise on Anger; another *De Natura Deorum*, as well as a logical essay by Philodemus, are also ready for publication. The Treatise on Anger is anonymous —That *De Natura Deorum* appears to be by Phædrus, the friend of Cicero."

## *HARRY PAULET.*

OF Harry Paulet, commonly called Duke of Bolton, King of Vine-street, and Governor of Lambeth Marsh, a well-known public character, who died lately in the above neighbourhood, and whose remains were attended to the grave by a great number of persons whom his bounty had made comfortable.

Parsons, the comedian, speaking of the subject of the following particulars, frequently declared with the greatest gravity, that he would rather expend a crown to hear Harry Paulet relate one of Hawke's battles, than sit, gratis, by the most celebrated orator of the day. There was (said Parsons) a manner in his heart-felt narrations, that was certain to bring his auditors into the very scene of action; and when he described the moments of victory, I have seen a dozen labouring men, at the Crown public-house, rise altogether, and, moved by an instantaneous impulse, give three cheers, while Harry took breath to recite more of his exploits. This man, whose love for his country cannot be excelled, was, in the year 1758, master of an English vessel in North America, and traded up the river St. Lawrence, but being taken by the enemy, he remained a prisoner under Montcalm, at Quebec, who refused to exchange him, on account of his extensive knowledge of the coast, the strength of Quebec and Louisbourg, with the different soundings. They therefore came to a resolution to send him to France to be kept a prisoner during the war, and with

such intent he was embarked on board a vessel ready to sail with dispatches to the French government. Being the only Englishman on board, Harry was admitted to the cabin, where he took notice one day, that the packet hung in an exposed situation in a canvas bag, for the purpose of being thrown overboard in any danger of being taken: this he marked as the object of a daring enterprize; and shortly after, in consequence of the vessel being obliged to put into Vigo for provisions and intelligence, he put his design into execution. There were two English men of war lying at anchor, and Mr. Paulet thought this a proper opportunity to make his meditated attempt; he therefore one night, when all but the watch were asleep, took the packet out of the bag, and having fixed it in his mouth, silently let himself down to the water, and, to prevent being discovered, floated on his back to the bows of one of the English ships, where he secured himself by the cable, and calling for assistance was immediately taken on board, with the packet. The captain, charmed with his bold attempt, treated him with great humanity, and gave him a suit of scarlet cloaths trimmed with blue velvet and gold, which he retained to the day of his death. The dispatches being transcribed, proved of the utmost consequence to our affairs in North America, and Harry was sent with a copy of them post overland to Lisbon, from whence he was brought to Falmouth in a sloop of war, and immediately set out for London. Upon his arrival in town, he was examined by proper persons in the ad-

ministration, and rewarded agreeably to the nature of his service; but, what is more remarkable, an expedition was instantly formed upon a review of these dispatches, and our success in North America, under Wolfe and Saunders, are in some degree to be attributed to the attachment of Harry Paulet to the interests of his country.

For his services the government rewarded him with the pay of a lieutenant for life, which, with other advantages (for Harry had ever been prudent) he was enabled to purchase a vessel: here fame takes some liberty with his character, and asserts that he used to run to the French coast, and now and then take in a cargo of brandy; but, be that as it may, Harry was one morning returning, when the French fleet had stole out of Brest under Conflans, while Admiral Hawke was hid behind the rock of Ushant, to watch the motions of the enemy. Mr. Paulet, loving his country better than his cargo, soon ran up to the British Admiral, and demanding to speak with him, was ordered to make his vessel fast, and come on board; upon his telling Hawke what he knew of the enemy, the Admiral told him, if he was right he would make his fortune; but if he had deceived him, by G—d he would hang him upon the yard-arm. The fleet was instantly under weigh, and upon Paulet's direction to the master (for he was an excellent pilot) the British fleet was presently brought between the enemy and their own coast; and now the Admiral ordered Paulet into the vessel, and bade him make the best of his way;

but Harry begged of the Admiral, as he had discovered the enemies of his country, that he might be allowed to assist in beating them. This request was assented to by the commander, and Paulet had his station assigned, at which no man could behave better: and when the battle was over, this true-born Englishman was sent home, covered with commendations, and rewarded with that which enabled him to live happy the remainder of his life. Mr. Paulet possessed a freehold estate in Cornhill, London; and, respecting the good he did with his income, there is not a poor being in the neighbourhood of Pedlar's-acre, who does not testify with gratitude some act of benevolence performed for the alleviation of his poverty, by this humane, heroic Englishman.

## *JUVENILE RECREATIONS*

ANSWER TO THOSE GIVEN IN NUMBER XXV.

1. Steel; sleet.—2. Cuff.

### FOR SOLUTION.

1.

I AM seen on the finger, I'm seen near the moon;
The sun in his glory displays me at noon;
I'm the pride of the parish; I'm form'd at the fair.
When a number of bumpkins assemble to stare;
With discord I'm fill'd; with music I please;
With chains I'm familiar, with curtains, and keys.

2.

THE gate of life, the cause of strife,
The fruit of sin,
When I appear, you drop a tear,
And stay within.

# *THE DRAMA.*

'Tis with our judgments as our watches—none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE.

HAYMARKET.

ON Tuesday, July 3, a new musical piece, in two acts, entitled " The Hunter of the Alps, was performed for the first time at this theatre, and has been since repeated several nights with considerable applause. It is the production of Mr. Dimond, author of the " Hero of the North," &c. and though not of that light whimsical nature, which summer-pieces should be, and which, indeed, is the characteristic of after-pieces, is notwithstanding a pleasing performance. The story is of German texture. A brother in affluence, and another in distress, who are strangers to each other, form the chief characters. The distrest brother attempts to rob his rich brother, by whom he is relieved without absolutely using the means of plunder; but from displaying the purse which was given him, is suspected of theft, and pursued. The affluent brother, who,

having been thrown from his horse in a chase, is led to his brother's cottage by his nephews, becomes a witness of their distrest situation, and afterwards their protector. The fastidious critic must condemn the moral, but the dialogue is capital. Mr. Elliston, Mr. Chapman, and Mrs. Gibbs, were excellent in their respective parts. The music, by Kelly, was but indifferent. We think, however, the piece, as it has no claim to the name of farce, would have been much better in three acts, which might have been done by making more of the wedding, and the parties concerned therein. The modesty of the author is, notwithstanding, to be commended, there being many three-act pieces which we would be happy to see reduced even to—*one!*

On Wednesday, July 18, a musical piece, in two acts, entitled "Foul Deeds will Rise," was performed for the first time, said to be written by Mr. Arnold, and the music the posthumous composition of his deceased father. The plot is taken from one of Miss Lee's Canterbury Tales, and was probably intended to create much interest and horror; on the contrary, laughter and disgust were the result;—a more contemptible piece we never witnessed. The author meant to unite humour with his tragical events, but even the *vis comica* of Bannister could not support the wretched stuff. The audience were very patient till the conclusion, when general disapprobation ensued. Mr. Decamp, notwithstanding, came forward to announce its second representation, when

the clamour became violent. By a stratagem, however, he effected his purpose; but though we admire his ingenuity, we cannot approve of it on this occasion. It has been since performed about five nights.

Among the revivals at this theatre are the elder Colman's excellent piece of "The Spanish Barber," well supported, and well received; and Goldsmith's "Good-natured Man," compressed into three acts by the late Mr. T. Wilkinson, by which means this excellent comedy is spoiled. The best scenes of the play are omitted, and those which are retained, are given in such an unconnected manner, that it was an absolute insult to the genius of Goldsmith to have tolerated so vile a mutilation. Bartley in Honeywood, Matthews in Croaker, and Palmer in Lofty, were the chief supporters of the piece under these circumstances.

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We are concerned to state, that a disagreeable accident befel Mr. Barrymore during his performance at Liverpool:—In the tragedy of "The Revenge," the character of *Alonzo* was sustained by Mr. Barrymore, that of *Zanga* by Mr. Cooper. In the last scene of the play, where *Alonzo* stabs himself with the dagger which he had previously wrested from *Zanga*, poor Barrymore realized the scene. It was a real African dagger, a favourite of Mr. Cooper, and the same which he always uses in acting *Zanga*. Mr. Barrymore not aware of this, struck himself violently with this dreadful weapon, and instantly fell upon the stage. As he lay upon

the stage, he called softly for help, saying, "I am wounded;---it is a real dagger!" For a few seconds the performers stood motionless from terror. Upon examination, they found that the dagger took a slanting direction across the lower ribs, which it passed over, and lodged in his belly, in which it inflicted a wound of about an inch. He lost a great deal of blood. The wound was dressed upon the stage, after which, he was carried home faint. Mr. B. however, we are happy to announce, has nearly recovered from the effects of the wound, having performed several times since.

SADLER'S WELLS.

WE cannot conclude this article without making honourable mention of a theatre, once the most respectable of places of this kind of entertainment, and now, under the present management, likely not only to redeem, but even to exceed, its pristine fame. This aquatic theatre, as it is properly called, displays a real sheet of water, and a sea-fight, besides a waterfall, &c. The ingenuity of the proprietors deserves the highest commendation; and their present invention, which, on account of their proximity to the New River, baffles all the powers of imitation, insures them every night full houses. Add to which, their pantomimes and dances are got up in a correct and splendid manner, and the dramatic sketches of the "Little Gypsies," "Ally Croaker," &c. (by Mr. C. Dibdin, jun.) have really more merit than some of the two-act pieces now performing at the Theatre Royal.

THE

# *PARNASSIAN GARLAND,*

FOR JULY, 1804.

## TO THE *PEOPLE OF GREAT BRITAIN,* ON THE THREATENED INVASION.

*By Dr. Chas. Burney.*

ARM, Britons, arm! your country's cause,
Your monarch, constitution, laws,
Religion wives, and infant train,
Now call to arms!—nor let their call be vain!
No—tread the path which erst your fathers trod;
The stake is England! Britons rise—
Your foes are Gauls!—those foes chastise—
Foes to your king, your country, and your God!

Shall HE, with virtues amply known,
Our king, be hurl'd from Britain's throne
By Gauls, embrued in royal gore,
Who menace death or slavery round our shore?
No—tread the path which erst your fathers trod;
Nor let the foe's licentious pride
Your monarch's lawful power deride—
Foes to your king, your country, and your God!

Shall we, who boast a Briton's name,
Renounce our constitution's claim?

King, lords, and commons, levell'd low—
And, tamely crouching, court the threaten'd blow?
No—tread the path which erst your fathers trod:
No foes in arms, with treacherous hate,
Shall shake your church, shall change your state—
Foes to your king, your country, and your God!

Shall we, whose laws our rights secure,
Protecting all, or rich or poor,
Those laws abandon—fram'd of old [mold,
By sires whose souls were stamp'd in freedom's
No—tread the path which erst your fathers trod;
No proud dictator Britain knows;
Nor brook the rule of tyrant foes—
Foes to your king, your country, and your God!

Shall we religion's voice neglect,
Her duties spurn, her WORD reject?
While priests by ruthless steel expire,
And temples sink, involv'd in atheist fire?
No—tread the path which erst your fathers trod;
The learn'd and pious sons of prayer
From foes protect, with grateful care—
Foes to your king, your country, and your God!

Shall we, whom wedlock's bands entwine,
With dastard souls our wives resign,
While love and honour "blow war's blast,"
And memory lives to paint endearments past?
No—tread the path which erst your fathers trod;
Guard female worth, and female charms,
Guard wedded love, from foes in arms—
Foes to your king, your country, and your God!

Shall we, who've fondly watch'd each grace
That seem'd to mark our infant race,
Now prematurely fix their doom,
While murderous rites pollute the victim's tomb?

No—tread the path which erst your fathers trod:
Like them, the ensanguin'd battle dare;
The foes nor child nor matron spare—
Foes to your king, your country, and your God!

The trumpet sounds! Ye British host,
On British ground defend your coast;
In every clime, you've tam'd their pride,
When kings their rulers—Sanctity their guide!
Now tread the path which erst your fathers trod:
United, brave the impending storm!
One dreadful phalanx, Britons, form—
Friends to your king, your country, and your God!

## *LINES*

BY THE

## DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE,

*Inscribed on a Pedestal supporting a Bust of Mr. FOX, in the Duke of Bedford's Temple of Friendship, at Woburn, which contains the Busts of many of his most valued Intimates.*

HERE, 'midst the friends he lov'd, the man behold
In truth unshaken, and in virtue bold!
Whose patriot zeal and uncorrupted mind
Dar'd to assert the freedom of mankind;
And whilst, extending desolation far,
Ambition spread the baleful flames of war,
Fearless of blame, and eloquent to save—
'Twas he—'twas Fox—the warning counsel gave!
'Midst jarring conflicts, stemm'd the tide of blood,
And to the menac'd world a sea-mark stood!
Oh! had his voice in mercy's cause prevail'd,
What grateful millions had the statesman hail'd!

Whose wisdom bade the broils of nations cease,
And taught the world humanity and peace!
But though he fail'd, succeeding ages here
The vain yet pious effort shall revere:
Boast in their annals his illustrious name,
Uphold his greatness, and confirm his fame!

## THE NEGRO's COMPLAINT.

*By the late Wm. Cowper.*

FORC'D from home and all it's pleasures,
Afric's coast I left forlorn,
To increase a stranger's treasures,
O'er the raging billows borne.
Men from England bought and sold me,
Paid my price in paltry gold;
But, though their's they have enroll'd me,
Minds are never to be sold.

Still, in thought as free as ever,
What are England's rights, I ask,
Me from my delights to sever,
Me to torture, me to task?
Fleecy locks and black complexion
Cannot forfeit nature's claim;
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same.

Why did all-creating nature
Make the plant for which we toil?
Sighs must fan it, tears must water,
Sweat of our's must dress the soil.
Think, ye masters, iron-hearted,
Lolling at your jovial boards—
Think how many backs have smarted
For the sweets your cane affords!

Is there, as ye sometimes tell us,
Is there one who reigns on high?
Has he bid you buy and sell us,
Speaking from his throne, the sky?
Ask him, if your knotted scourges,
Matches, blood-extorting screws,
Are the means which duty urges
Agents of his will to use?

Hark! he answers—Wild tornadoes,
Strewing yonder sea with wrecks,
Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,
Are the voice with which he speaks.
He, foreseeing what vexations
Afric's sons should undergo,
Fix'd their tyrants' habitations
Where his whirlwinds answer—No.

By our blood in Afric wasted,
Ere our necks receiv'd the chain—
By the mis'ries we have tasted,
Crossing in your barks the main—
By our suff'rings since ye brought us
To the man-degrading mart;
(All sustain'd by patience, taught us
Only by a broken heart)—

Deem our nation brutes no longer,
Till some reason ye shall find
Worthier of regard and stronger
Than the colour of our kind.
Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings
Tarnish all your boasted pow'rs,
Prove that you have human feelings,
Ere you proudly question our's!

## SONNET TO THE MOON.

BRIGHT Cynthia, hail! thou charming queen of night!
By thy soft beams, I dearly love to stray;
And by thy pale, thy mild, and silv'ry, light,
Admiring, I could muse whole nights away.
Methinks, in silent contemplation here,
Gazing on thee, I could for ever sit;
In pleasing meditation, banish fear,
And every earthly care I'd soon forget.
Now no rude sound breaks on my list'ning ear,
The busy, thoughtless, world are sunk to rest;
Except sweet Philomel, thy voice I hear,
Which serves the more to sooth my tranquil breast.
Of these sublimer pleasures to partake,
The world and all it's charms I would forsake.

## *SPEECH*

OF AN

## OLD SAVAGE TO HIS SON,

*Who, in a war with a neighbouring tribe, was preparing to bear his feeble father on his back.*

BY WM. PRESTON, ESQ.

NO more, my son; thy pious care is vain.
Bow not thy back with age's useless weight.
I am not worth preserving. Wouldst thou wish me
To drag about a loathed crazy mass,
A vile memento of strength's frailty,
Cumb'rous to others, grievous to myself,
And die of old age, like a dog or christian?
Thou wert not form'd to bear a weak old man.
Our god thy limbs with active vigour brac'd
To range the forest and o'ertake the foe;

Sinew'd thine arm to speed the lance of death,
Bend the tough bow, and cleave the flying crest!
Thus did thy father, in his day of strength;
And thou, my son, be just unto my fame:
Be brave, and praise thy father in thy deeds,
That distant tribes may sing thy praise, and say,
"His father, sure, was brave, and fed his son
With blood of conquer'd foes."—And so I did—
When, streaming warm, it dy'd thy little lips,
And thou didst, grimly smiling, give a promise
Of manly fierceness. But if thou be weak,
"His father taught him (will they say) to lie
Stretch'd in the sun, and drink the christian's liquor,
That makes a man a beast!" But, hark, my son!
The foe's at hand—begone—thy brethren call thee
Forth, to the fight of justice; tarry not:
Rush to the battle, and preserve thine infants,
That one day they may fight, and deck their belts
With the usurping christian's scalp, and train
Their children's children to the cry of battle!
But first strike here: leave not thine aged father
To feel their rage whose kindred he has mangled;
Nor let his tortur'd members feast the sight
Of those that hate him and his tribe!—Farewell—
Be kind and quick.—Thy lance be sharp as now,
Thine arm as strong, my son, in all thy warfare!

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ON THE

## UNTIMELY DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

BY THE SAME.

SHALL then, my muse, thy lavish descant flow
For tragic mourners and ideal pain;
And not a tear, and not a votive strain,
Attend the reliques that in earth lie low?

My bosom choice—ah! now, my bosom woe—
Oh! early lost, oh! found and lov'd in vain;
Our souls but join'd this parting to sustain:
Thy wondrous value by thy loss I know.
Some leaden pow'r has seiz'd my voice and eyes:
It mocks the fullness of th' impassion'd heart,
And words and tears to bursting grief denies;
Yet these, my love, are but mechanic art.
The vulgar sorrow speaks in tears and sighs;
Let silence, silence, grief like mine impart.

## ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

BY THE SAME.

A GRATEFUL horror dwells along the plain,
And flitting clouds a transient darkness shed.
Pensive, I seek the mansions of the dead,
And call the moon, and call the starry train,
And sacred midnight, woo'd by am'rous pain,
When worldly toils and worldly cares are fled,
When mild affliction hovers o'er the head,
And pours, spontaneous pours, the solemn strain.
Hail, gothic cloisters! hail, ye spires decay'd!
The yawning grave would little chill my breast,
The sailing spectre scarce appal my heart;
Fearless, by night, I rove your haunted shade,
The desp'rate fortitude by grief possest
At vulgar terrors knows not how to start.

## TO SPRING.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

LIFE-GLOWING season! odour-breathing spring!
Deck'd in cerulean splendours, vivid, warm,

Shedding soft lustre on the rosy hours,
And calling forth their beauties! Balmy spring!
To thee the vegetating world begins
To pay fresh homage. Ev'ry southern gale
Whispers thy coming; every tepid show'r
Revivifies thy charms. The mountain breeze
Wafts th' ethereal essence to the vale,
While the low vale returns it's fragrant hoard
With ten-fold sweetness. When the dawn unfolds
It's purple splendours 'mid the dappled clouds,
Thy influence cheers the soul. When noon uplifts
It's burning canopy, spreading the plain
Of heavn's own radiance with one vast of light,
Thou smil'st triumphant! Ev'ry little flow'r
Seems to exult in thee, delicious spring!
Luxuriant nurse of nature! By the stream
That winds it's swift course down the mountain's side,
Thy progeny are seen—young primroses,
And all the varying buds of wildest birth,
Dott'ng the green slope gaily. On the thorn,
Which arms the hedge-row, the young birds invite
With merry minstrelsy, shrilly and maz'd
With winding cadences, now quick, now sunk,
In the low twitter'd song. The ev'ning sky
Reddens the distant main; catching the sail,
Which slowly lessens, and with crimson hue
Varying the sea-green wave; while the young moon,
Scarce visible amid the warmer tints
Of western splendours, slowly lifts her brow,
Modest and icy-lustred! O'er the plain
The light dews rise, sprinkling the thistle's head,
And hanging it's clear drops on the wild waste
Of broomy fragrance. Season of delight!
Thou soul expanding pow'r! whose wondrous glow
Can bid all nature smile!—Ah! why to ME
Come unregarded, undelighting still
This ever-mourning bosom? So I've seen
The sweetest flow'rets bind the icy urn,

The brightest sun-beams glitter on the grave,
And the soft zephyr kiss the troublous main
With whisper'd murmurs. Yes, to me, O spring,
Thou com'st unwelcom'd by a smile of joy;
To me, slow with'ring to that silent grave
Where all is blank and dreary; yet once more
The spring eternal of the soul shall dawn,
Unvisited by clouds, by storms, by change,
Radiant and unexhausted! Then, ye buds,
Ye plumy minstrels, and ye balmy gales,
Adorn your little hour, and give your joys
To bless the fond world-loving traveller,
Who, smiling, measures the long flow'ry path
That leads to death! for to such wanderers
Life is a busy, pleasing, cheerful, dream,
And the last hour unwelcome—not to me,
Oh! not to me, stern death art thou a foe,
Thou art the welcome messenger, which brings
A passport—to a blest and long repose!

## SONNET TO ENVY.

*Alterius damnum gaudiam haud facias tuum.*

WHAT means that ghastly smile, that writhes the cheek
Of pining envy? my prophetic fears
Whisper that worth some weight of sorrow bears,
Which rends his virtuous "heart, and bids it break!"
O fiend! accurs'd of heaven! my wond'ring thought
Beholds thy vot'ries, mute with sad amaze,
On their wan, quivering, bloodless, lips I gaze,
With aconite and fetid venom fraught. [tooth,
Monster most monstrous! who, with poison'd
Dost thine own bowels gnaw, destroy thy rest,
And make a hell of pains within thy breast,
At sight of prosp'rous worth or roseate youth.

Avaunt! nor seek to subjugate my soul;
For there unbounded love shall sway with bland
controul. OXONIENSIS.

## ODE TO LIBERTY.

IN early times, when Freedom fled
From classic Tempe's hallow'd shade,
Great Alfred met the nymph, 'tis said,
And, rapt'rous, woo'd the lovely maid:
Inspir'd, his harp he strung,
And thus, transported, sung,
"O give me death or liberty!"

Long streaming down the tide of time,
The mellow note, so fate decreed,
Was heard on Albion's rocks sublime,
And louder burst at Runnymede.
Britons! your rights maintain,
Be this your fav'rite strain,
"O give us death or liberty!"

Next, patriot Hampden heard the note,
And gallant Sidney lov'd the sound;
The swelling voice all Britain caught,
And ev'ry shore re-echo'd round
With this exalted strain,
Bursting from hill and plain,
"O give us death or liberty!"

In this dear cause, our fathers bled,
To keep it pure, resign'd their breath;
And shall we slight the heavenly mead?—
No! "we will grasp it e'en in death!"
And should stern fate require,
With this fond thought expire,
"Oh! welcome death, for liberty!"

# Literary Review.

*The Correspondence of Samuel Richardson, Author of Pamela, Clarissa, and Sir Charles Grandison; selected from the original Manuscripts bequeathed by him to his Family. To which are prefixed, a Biographical Account of that Author, and Observations on his Writings. By Anna Letitia Barbauld. In Six Volumes.*

"IT was the custom of Mr. Richardson, (we are told in the advertisement) not only to preserve the letters of his numerous correspondents, but to take copies of his own, generally by the hands of his daughters, particularly his daughter Martha, and his nephew, who performed to him the office of amanuensis. It was the favourite employment of his declining years to select and arrange them, and he always looked forward to their publication at some distant period, when the lapse of time should have precluded the necessity of observing that delicacy, which living characters have always a claim to.—After his death they remained in the hands of Mrs. Anne Richardson, his last surviving daughter, till her death, which took place in January last. After that event they became the property of his grand children." Thus the authenticity of the work is confirmed; for, observes the editor, "When a private correspondence is presented to the

public, the first question which occurs is, how have they (*has it*, or *have the manuscripts*, it should have been written) been procured?"

The first volume contains a copious life of Richardson, wherein we are informed, that "The correspondence begins a short time before his first publication, and extends through the remainder of his life. Before the appearance of Pamela he does not seem to have transcribed his own letters. The correspondents were either those connected with him by business, by personal friendship, or those attracted by his fame as an author. A large proportion of them are ladies." The correspondents' names are, Aaron Hill, Strahan, Dr. Young, Misses Collier and Fielding, Colley Cibber, Mrs. Pilkington, Rev. J. Hervey, Rev. B. Kennicott, Duncombe, Misses Highmore and Mulso, Channing, Spence, Edwards, Mrs. Klopstock, Miss Westcomb, Mrs. Scudamore, Dr. and Mrs. Delany, Mrs. Donnellan, Mrs. Dewes, Miss Sutton, Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan, Lady Bradshaigh, under the name of Belfour, Lady Echlin, Reverends Peckard Heldesley, Loftus, Skelton, Slinstra, Dr. Johnson, Miss Sack, &c. &c. Much entertainment may be derived from these letters; but we must remark, that were all literary characters to preserve the favours they receive for the present purpose, few friends, and fewer strangers, would ever correspond with them. *Delicacy*, we are told, did not permit the publication of these letters while the authors were living;—and should not RESPECT FOR THE DEAD have forbidden it

at any period? Surely Dr. Johnson would have thought all obligations to Mr. Richardson cancelled, had he known that his *hasty scribble* was thus to have been exposed!

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*The Criminal Recorder; or, Biographical Sketches of Notorious Public Characters, who have suffered the Sentence of the Law for Criminal Offences. Embracing a variety of curious and singular Cases, Anecdotes, &c. with occasional Notes. To which is added, an Account of the various Punishments inflicted on those who transgress the Laws of their Country; with a Description of the Crimes by which those Punishments are incurred, &c. alphabetically arranged under appropriate Heads, and illustrated with Portraits, and other Engravings. By a Student of the Inner Temple. In Three Volumes.*

THE first and second volumes of this work contain the biography of the most noted offenders of all descriptions, (as sufficiently explained in the title-page) who have suffered the sentence of the law; including certain cases which, for their singularity, are worthy of preservation, and are embellished with the portraits of the most particular characters. The selection appears, from cursory notes, to have been made by a student of the Temple, and being alphabetically arranged, will be a useful remembrancer on many occasions. The editor has, in his preface, observed the *sameness* in similar works, and consequently has rejected those trifling accounts which, to have included, would have rendered the present undertaking

tedious and voluminous. The last volume contains all the remarks of Colquhoun, Beccaria, Voltaire, &c. &c. on the various subjects respecting criminality, and which are also alphabetically arranged. This is not only on an original but particularly useful plan, and is embellished with the various instruments of punishment, both domestic and foreign. In this volume are, likewise, occasional memoirs of offenders, under the heads of *Murder, Stealing*, &c. and some remarkable anecdotes. In short, we think the editor's labour, which must have been great, will have for its compensation a general sale, as a testimony of its utility and merit.

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*Sporting Anecdotes; Original and Select: including Characteristic Sketches of eminent Persons who have appeared on the Turf. With an interesting Selection of the most extraordinary Events which have transpired in the Sporting World; a correct Description of the Animals of Chase, and of every other Subject connected with the various Diversions of the Field. By an Amateur Sportsman.*

TO the lovers of the field the present anecdotes must be highly entertaining; they abound in a variety, which to enumerate would far exceed our limits. Among the characters held forth as distinguished sportsmen, is (in the commencement of the work) that of his present majesty. "This illustrious character possesses at once so much personal worth, intrinsic merit, and transcendent greatness, that it can create no surprise if the pencil of the artist should fall

infinitely short of the original it is intended to pourtray:---a representation of the FIRST MAN, if not the *greatest sportsman*, in the kingdom, and who may, to the sporting world in general, be held out as a model for imitation. Innately superior to all the arts of affectation, and fashionable duplicity, he personally enters into, and happily enjoys, all the pleasures of rationality, all the comforts of society, without a *prostitution* of JUDGMENT, or a DEGRADATION OF DIGNITY. Those pleasures are the effusions of a most distinguished PHILANTHROPY, and their gratifications (happy for his numerous and national dependents) the palpable PROMOTER OF HEALTH." Since the first characters of the age have delighted in the sports of the field, and since the benefits resulting from them prove them both rational and advantageous, such publications as these require no apology.

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*Delectus Græcarum Sententiarum cum Notis tum Grammaticis tum Philologicis in usum Tironum accomodatis. Editioaltera auctior.* 4*s.* 6*d. boards. Longman and Co.*

THE peculiar beauties of the Greek language will always secure to it a considerable rank among the branches of a liberal education. We are happy, therefore, in noticing a performance calculated to promote its attainment. It consists in a series of *sentences*, selected with an uncommon degree of taste and judgment—indeed we have never before seen a work so happily adapted to assist the young learner on such

a subject. And the *parsing* of these sentences at the end is executed with singular ability—explaining every difficulty peculiar to the language, and poining out every circumstance relating to the construction which may be deemed most worthy of attention. Its author is, we understand, a worthy clergyman; and we heartily wish success to this new and improved edition of a publication which ought to be introduced into every seminary of respectability, throughout the kingdom.

*Sermon on the Death of Joseph Priestley, LL. D. F. R. S &c. By T. Belsham.*

THIS able discourse is an honourable testimony of respect to the memory of a truly great and good man, whose talents and virtues are entitled to peculiar veneration. Though persecuted and calumniated in no ordinary degree, he still proceeded in his career of enlightening and improving his fellow-creatures. His writings, as a christian divine, and his discoveries, as a philosopher, will endear him to posterity. The circumstances of his decease are well known, through the medium of the public prints. He died as he lived, with a cheerful faith, and a manly resignation. Few wrote more, or better pieces, on the evidences of revealed religion; and none ever by their practice were greater ornaments to the doctrines and precepts of christianity. A list of his writings is subjoined to the discourse, which, by their number, and acknowledged excellence, will justly astonish the world.

## *Retrospect of the Political World.*

FOR JULY, 1804.

THE chief attention of the political world has, for this month past, been drawn towards the elevation of BUONAPARTE to the *Imperial Purple*, by which it is supposed his ambitious and restless nature will be satisfied. His coronation has not yet taken place; but preparations are making for the celebration of this solemn piece of mummery. Indeed it is astonishing to think that the people of France can suffer themselves to be duped, after a manner which renders them the derision, and the laughing-stock of Europe! Surely it cannot last long; the hour is hastening when this tyrant shall have fulfilled the destinies of Providence, and then cease to disturb and afflict the world! Indeed the execution of Georges, and his associates, who died with a manly fortitude, together with the banishment of Moreau to the United States, will assuredly hasten the downfall of a man who has trampled under foot, with an unblushing effrontery, the rights of mankind.

The *Invasion of Britain* is not only still talked of, but the danger of its taking place has been of late considerably increased. The preparations of the enemy are said to be incessant in all their ports, and they vaunt of their successes with all the pride of an acquired victory. This is doubtless a prelude of their defeat; for Solo-

mon assures us, that *pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.* Should Buonaparte, with his unprincipled legions, ever attempt to set their feet on these happy shores, we trust, and we believe, that *British valour* will display itself with an energy suited to the occasion, and that *British prowess* will leave a lasting memorial of its triumphs to posterity.

## *MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST*

### FOR JULY, 1804.

1. ANNUAL sailing-match took place for the Vauxhall cup. Nine boats started from Blackfriar's-bridge; they sailed round a barge moored near Putney-bridge, and returned back to a boat stationed off Cumberland Gardens. After various amusing efforts by the respective vessels for success, the Mercury triumphed; a boat which, by its superior swiftness, has gained several cups on former occasions.

5. A person, of genteel appearance and address, applied to the bank for the change of a *five*-pound note; he was desired to write his name on the back of it, which he did---*Abraham Newland.* The clerk told him not to trifle, but write his real name; he replied, that was his name. Under the idea that he meant to impose on the bank, he was conveyed to the lord-mayor, and examined; when it appeared, that his name was actually *Abraham Newland*, and

that his abode was the Indian Arms, Gosport. He was at length discharged, and the notes, taken from him in the first instance, were restored.

8. The committee of the Middlesex election, after an investigation of five months, pronounced, that Mr. Mainwaring had a majority of good votes over Sir Francis Burdett, when the latter petitioned against the former on the bribery act, and succeeded. In consequence of this circumstance Mr. Mainwaring was disqualified altogether for sitting in this parliament. The whole affair, however, has ended in a new election.

13. A dreadful fire broke out at Mr. Gandon's cooperage, Whitechapel, which raged with incredible fury. Communicating with Mr. Cooper's sugar-house, that building also was nearly consumed. The exertions of the Whitechapel volunteers were highly meritorious on the occasion.

15. Three persons stood in the pillory, at Smithfield, for the abominable crime of perjury, which strikes at the root of civil society. They were disguised in order to prevent being known. A great concourse of persons were present, who suffered in their private property. Such reverence have some people for the laws of the land, even when the punishment of those laws is before their eyes to deter them from transgression.

16. A valuable coin of pure gold was found near Kelso, in Scotland; on one side is a beautiful head, crowned with laurel, with the words

*Nero Cæsar*; on the reverse, a full-length figure crowned, holding in one hand an olive branch, and in the other a small winged figure, in the attitude of hurling thunder. There does not exist another instance of so antique a coin in such entire preservation.

18. Two houses at Mile End New Town fell down suddenly, and buried 35 persons in the ruins! They were let out to poor families, ten of which had taken up their abode within their crazy walls. The accident happening when they were in bed, they were taken from amidst the rubbish naked, and had not a rag to put on except what they obtained from the humanity of their neighbours. Out of the thirty-five persons found, fourteen only were sent to the hospital, who are in a fair way of recovery.

20. A fire broke out at Sheerness, from which his majesty's dock-yard was likely to have received great damage. But it was soon extinguished.

21. A fire broke out in the camp at East Bourne, in Sussex, and occasioned much alarm on the coast. The mess-room was consumed; but the devouring element was soon brought under by the unremitting activity of the soldiers, who exerted themselves greatly on the occasion.

24. Middlesex election commenced; candidates, Sir Francis Burdett, and Mr. Mainwaring, jun. Uncommon efforts are made on each side to ensure triumph and victory.

## *MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS.*

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

NAT. Robinson, Paragon, St. George's, Southwark, tanner. William Frost, late of Dover-street, Southwark, tailor. Richard Thomlinson, late of New Malton, York, common-brewer. Richard Cliff, Little Bolton, Lancaster, muslin-manufacturer. John Phillips, Bradnock's March, Warwick, miller. William Burwood, of the Sun Wharf, Wapping, and of Green Bank, Middlesex, wharfinger and coal-merchant. George Smith, Sheffield, York, grocer. Angel Windecker, late of Liverpool, merchant. John James, Truro, Cornwall, money-scrivener. William Buckstone, late of Bishopsgate-street, London, haberdasher. David Beddine, Back-lane, St. George in the East, Middlesex, upholder. John Jarratt, jun. Water-lane, Tower-street, broker. Thomas Firth, Rothwell, Yorkshire, hawker and pedlar. John Collison, Hitchin, Hertfordshire, merchant. John Wright, Smithy Brook, Lancaster, carrier. Richard Slaymaker, Abingdon, Berks, carrier. John Treadgold, Portsea, Southampton, cabinet-maker. John Harvey, Birmingham, Wine-merchant. John Witherell, Long Acre, Middlesex, coach-maker. George Barclay and Gearge Salkeld, Little Trinity-lane, London, merchants. John Chapman, Nottingham, hosier. Robert Marsh, Old Bailey, London, oilman. James Kershaw and William Kershaw, Halifax, Yorkshire, merchants. William Hemas, of Merthyr Tydvil, Glamorganshire, brick-maker. William Metford, Temple-street, Bristol, butcher. George Christmas, Carey-street, Middlesex, livery-stable-keeper. Alexander Macauley, London, merchant. James Jarrit, Bristol, cabinet-maker. Thomas Turner, Birmingham, button-maker. George Staniforth, Beverley, York, draper. Richard Gunton, Droitwich, Worcester, innholder. John Winn

and Thomas Agg, Basinghall-street, clothiers. Benjamin Ellis, Holt. Norfolk, vintner. Robert Newton, Manchester, cotton-manufacturer. Joseph Whiting, Holmes, Portsea, Southampton, ironmonger. William Hilder, Halling, Kent victualler. John Blomely, Manchester, inn-keeper. Thomas Whittle, Wheelton, Lancashire, muslin-manufacturer. John Shaw, Newgate-street, London, linen-draper. Thomas Price, Redcross-street, Southwark, upholsterer. William Wilberforce Bird, Coventry, silk-manufacturer. Jonas Charlesson Hahn, New-court. Crutched Friars, London, ship and insurance broker. Samuel Lichigaray and Matthew Dunsford, Basinghall-street, London, dealers. James Mills, Portsea, Southampton, grocer. Richard Emmett, Withnell, Lancashire, and Peter Baldwin, Houghton, Lancashire, cotton-manufacturers. Charles Fortnum, Upper Berkeley-street, Portman-square, merchant. Edward Hilder Strange, of Trant, Sussex, grocer. Thomas Chippendale, St. Martin's-lane, upholsterer. John Harvey, late of Birmingham, wine-merchant. Richard Lawrence, New Windsor, Berks, bricklayer. Henry Avesan, Manchester, publican. James Brown and James Tregent, Birmingham, factors. William Armstrong, Stanwix, Cumberland, calico-manufacturer. Thomas Gilbert, Birmingham, factor. Patrick Home and Patrick Hunter, Throgmorton-street, merchants. T. Levington, St. Catherine's, Tower, slopseller. E. Curling, Margate-hoyman. Samuel Chatburn, Hebden Bridge, Yorkshire, cotton-spinner. William Gidlow, Hindley, Lancashire, cotton-manufacturers. J. Crenan, Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, bookbinder. R. Gower, T. Soper, and J. Beavis, Birmingham, leather-dressers. Richard Jones, Manchester, victualler. J. Deighton, Reeth, Yorkshire, ironmonger. C. Whittingham, Warmingham Forge, Chester, iron-master.

## *REMARKABLE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.*

### MARRIED.

ON Tuesday, June 26, at Fulham church, by the Lord Bishop of London, George Polhill, Esq. of Chipstead Place, Kent. to Miss Porteus, of Fulham Palace.

On the 19th inst. at Carleshruhe, the hereditary Prince of Hesse Darmstadt, to the Princess Wilhelmina Louisa, of Baden.

On Tuesday, June 3, at Stilton, Mr. Odam, aged 77, to Miss Gaunt, aged 24. The bridegroom has grand children older than his wife.

On Tuesday, the 10th inst. at St. George's church, Major Mitchell, of the 26th Regiment of Foot, to the Right Honourable Lady Harriet Somerset, daughter to the late Duke of Beaufort.

### DIED.

ON Sunday, June 24, in Harley-street, aged 83, the honourable Lady Salusbury.

On Monday, the 25th inst at Bungay, in Suffolk. in the 73d year of his age, Mr. Thomas Miller, who for near fifty years was a respectable and well-known bookseller in London. He was blind the latter part of his life

At Winlaton, Durham, of a dropsy, Sarah Thompson. She had been tapped eight times within these nine months; the first time she underwent the operation, the astonishing quantity of 44 quarts was taken from her, and during the different times there were no less than 200.

On the 3d inst. at Hackney-terrace, Alexander Coutts, Esq. aged 76.

At Brighton, Mrs. Stackpole, the lady of Captain Stackpole. This amiable lady had survived

her accouchement of a son nearly three weeks, when the storm of Sunday evening so dreadfully alarmed her, that to the affright which she then received, is attributed her subsequent dissolution.

At Prague, on the 17th of June, the Duchess dowager of Parma. She was a daughter of the celebrated Queen of Hungary, Maria Theresa, and born Feb. 27, 1746.

On Saturday, the 7th inst. after a long illness, General Ainslie.

At Achmetachet in Crim Tartary, the celebrated traveller and naturalist, Pallas.

On Monday, the 9th inst. Mr. Peter Wright, aged 68, for many years town clerk of the Borough of Macclesfield.

On Tuesday, the 17th inst. in Piccadilly, Mr. Woolley. His death was occasioned by excessive grief for the loss of his eldest daughter.

At Edinburgh, on the 25th inst. Margaret Lourie, aged 95. She was carried to her grave by her son, eleven grand children, and a great grand child.

On the 1th of April last, at Honduras, in the prime of life, John O'Conner, Esq. of Middleton, in the county of Cork, after three days illness. His liberal and energetic mind, his zealous exertions in the concerns of his friends, and for the public good of the community in which he principally resided, his benevolence, generosity, and sincerity, are so deeply impressed on the hearts of those who knew him, that few men in private life have died more regretted by numerous acquaintances; not one more lamented by his near friends and distressed family. To add to the measure of woe of his heart-broken widow, their only child, about five years old, survived the father but a few days.

On the 19th inst. at Pilling, near Lancaster, aged 90, Mrs. Alice Keps. She retained every faculty

to the last; had been a widow for 50 years; and what is remarkable, she had six daughters and one son at four births, viz. at her first, two daughters; at her second, two daughters; at her third, two daughters; at her fourth, a son.

Mrs. Jones, wife of Thomas Jones, Esq. of Usk, in the County of Monmouth, dropped down dead in her own house, and expired without a pang. In the evening she had taken a walk with Mr. Jones, and while in the act of undressing herself in her chamber, to which she had retired after supper, she fell down a corpse at her husband's feet.

Mr. John Fisher, statuary, in Bath, aged 61; whose integrity of disposition and genuine hospitality of heart, will long live in the affectionate remembrance of his friends, and be thought of with respect and with regret. His merit as a sculptor ranked him high in the annals of the arts; and so long as the works of genius remain the objects of our admiration, the purity and classic originality of his designs, as well as the spirit and elegant chastity of his execution, prove the justice of his claim to eminence.

## *TO CORRESPONDENTS.*

Our Correspondents will find many of their Communications in the present number.

Strictures on the Middlesex Election cannot appear through the medium of our Miscellany.

And early insertion shall be given to our Brighton Friend's Communication.

COLONEL LE MESURIER.

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